

# THE CANADIAN COURIER

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## CALLING OUR HARVEST RESERVES

*A Matter of National Economics*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



## "BLIND MAN'S EYES"

*A Vivid, Quick-Moving—Unforgettable Mystery*

By WILLIAM MacHARG and EDWIN BALMER



## WAR AND CANADIAN SPORT

*What the Big Game in Europe Has Done to the Game of Peace*

By FRED JACOB

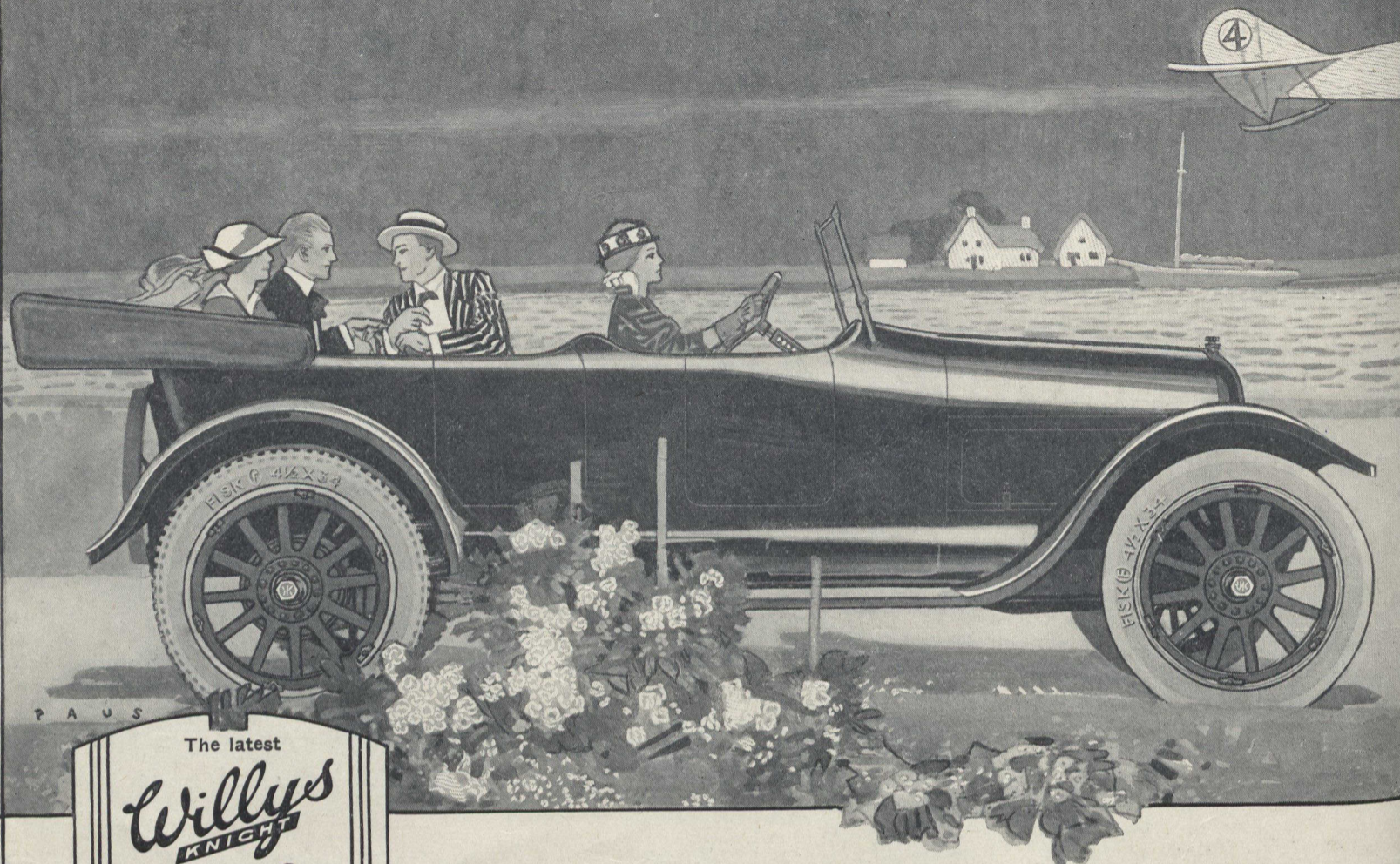


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# The Blind Man's Eyes.

WILLIAM MAC HARG EDWIN BALMER.

ILLUSTRATION BY J. W. BEATTY.

CHAPTER I.

A Financier Dies.

GABRIEL WARDEN—capitalist, railroad director, owner of mines and timber lands, at twenty a cow-puncher, at forty-eight one of the pre-dominant men of the Northwest Coast—paced with quick, uneven steps the great wicker-furnished living room of his home just above Seattle on Puget Sound. Twice within ten minutes he had used the telephone in the hall to ask the same question and, apparently to receive the same reply—that the train from Vancouver, for which he had inquired, had come in and that the passengers had left the station.

It was not like Gabriel Warden to show nervousness of any sort; Kondo, the Japanese doorman, who therefore had found something strange in this telephoning, watched him through the portieres which shut off the living-room from the hall. Three times Kondo saw him—big, uncouth in the careless fit of his clothes, powerful and impressive in his strength of feature and the carriage of his well-shaped head—go to the window and, watch in hand, stand staring out. It was a Sunday evening toward the end of February—cold, cloudy and with a chill wind driving over the city and across the Sound. Warden evidently saw no one as he gazed out into the murk; but each moment, Kondo observed, his nervousness increased. He turned suddenly and pressed the bell to call a servant. Kondo, retreating silently down the hall, advanced again and entered the room; he noticed then that Warden's hand, which was still holding the watch before him, was shaking.

"A young man who may, or may not, give a name, will ask for me in a few moments. He will say he called by appointment. Take him at once to my smoking-room, and I will see him there. I am going to Mrs. Warden's room now."

He went upstairs, Kondo noticed, still absently holding his watch in his hand. Warden controlled his nervousness before entering his wife's room—where she had just finished dressing to go out—so that she did not at first sense anything unusual. In fact, she talked with him casually for a moment or so before she even sent away her maid. He had promised a few days before to accompany her to a concert; she thought he had come simply to beg off. When they were alone, she suddenly saw that

he had come to her to discuss some serious subject. "Cora," he said, when he had closed the door after the maid, "I want your advice on a business question." "A business question!" She was greatly surprised.

some result which I have suddenly felt that I haven't the right to decide entirely for myself."

Warden's wife for the first time felt alarmed. She could not well describe his manner; it did not suggest fear for himself; she could not imagine his feeling such fear; but she was frightened. She put her hand on his arm.

"You mean it affects me directly?"

"It may. For that reason I feel I must do what you would have me do."

He seized both her hands in his and held her before him; she waited for him to go on.

"Cora," he said, "what would you have me do if you knew I had found out that a young man—a man who, four or five years ago, had as much to live for as any man might—had been outraged in every right by men who are my friends? Would you have me fight the outfit for him? Or would you have me—lie down?"

HIS fingers almost crushed hers in his excitement. She stared at him with only pride then; she was proud of his strength, of his ability to fight, of the power she knew he possessed to force his way against opposition. "Why, you would fight them!"

"You mean you want me to?"

"Isn't that what you had decided to do?"

He only repeated. "You want me to fight them?"

"Of course."

"No matter what it costs?"

She realized then that what he was facing was very grave.

"Cora," he said, "I didn't come to ask your advice without putting this squarely to you. If I go into this fight, I shall be not only an opponent to some of my present friends; I shall be a threat to them—something they may think it necessary to remove."

"Remove?"

"Such things have happened—to better men than I, over smaller matters."

She cried out. "You mean some one might kill you?"

"Should that keep me from going in?"

She hesitated. He went on: "Would you have me afraid to do a thing that ought to be done, Cora?"

"No," she said; "I would not."

"All right, then. That's all I had to know now. The young man is coming to see me to-night, Cora. Probably he's downstairs. I'll tell you all I can after I've talked with him."

Warden's wife tried to hold him a moment more,

## WARNING:

The story "The Blind Man's Eyes" is the most recent product of two writers, Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg.

They are said to be good workmen.

Those who recommended the story to the editors of the Courier appeared to be enthusiastic about it. This may have been because they wished to sell the Canadian serial copyright.

We have since read it, but reserve our opinion. The real judges must be the readers of the Courier.

In asking for this judgment it is necessary to warn readers of one point,—necessary in the interests of fairness.

The point is this:

If any reader objects to having his or her attention taken off the war, even for twenty minutes at a time, then "The Blind Man's Eyes" is a bad story to read.

If any one is so busy that twenty minutes twice a week means lost time and neglected work—then this story should be avoided.

This is a good story. It is ingenious. It is almost impossible to guess the ending. It is very possible that you will not wish to miss any instalment.

She was a number of years younger than he; he was one of those men who believe all business matters should be kept from their wives.

"I mean it came to me through some business—discoveries."

"And you cannot decide it for yourself?"

"I had decided it." He looked again at his watch. "I had quite decided it; but now— It may lead to



but he loosed himself from her and left her.

He went directly downstairs; as he passed through the hall, the telephone bell rang. Warden himself answered it. Kondo, who from his place in the hall overheard Warden's end of the conversation, made out only that the person at the other end of the line appeared to be a friend, or at least an acquaintance, of Warden's. Kondo judged this from the tone of the conversation; Warden spoke no names. Apparently the other person wished to see Warden at once. Warden finished, "All right; I'll come and get you. Wait for me there." Then he hung up.

**T**URNING to Kondo, he ordered his limousine car. Kondo transmitted the order and brought Warden's coat and cap; then Kondo opened the house door for him and the door of the limousine, which had been brought under the porte-cochere. Kondo heard Warden direct the chauffeur to a drug store near the centre of the city; the chauffeur was Patrick Corboy, a young Irishman who had been in Warden's employ for more than five years; his faithfulness to Warden was never questioned. Corboy drove to the place Warden had directed. As they stopped, a young man of less than medium height, broad-shouldered and wearing a mackintosh, came to the curb and spoke to Warden. Corboy did not hear the name, but Warden immediately asked the man into the car; he directed Corboy to return home. The chauffeur did this, but was obliged on the way to come to a complete stop several times, as he met street-cars or other vehicles on intersecting streets.

Almost immediately after Warden had left the house, the door-bell rang and Kondo answered it. A young man with a quiet and pleasant bearing inquired for Mr. Warden and said he came by appointment. Kondo ushered him into the smoking-room, where the stranger waited. The Jap did not announce this arrival to any one, for he had already received his instructions; but several times in the next half hour he looked in upon him. The stranger was always sitting where he had seated himself when Kondo showed him in; he was merely waiting. In about forty minutes, Corboy drove the car under the porte-cochere again and got down and opened the door. Kondo had not heard the car at once, and the chauffeur had not waited for him. There was no motion inside the limousine. The chauffeur looked in and saw Mr. Warden lying back quietly against the cushions in the back of the seat; he was alone.

**C**ORBOY noticed then that the curtains all about had been pulled down; he touched the button and turned on the light at the top of the car, and then he saw that Warden was dead; his cap was off, and the top of his head had been smashed in by a heavy blow.

The chauffeur drew back, gasping; Kondo, behind him on the steps, cried out and ran into the house calling for help. Two other servants and Mrs. Warden, who had remained nervously in her room, ran down. The stranger who had been waiting, now seen for the first time by Mrs. Warden, came out from the smoking-room to help them. He aided in taking the body from the car and helped to carry it into the living-room and lay it on a couch; he remained until it was certain that Warden had been

killed and nothing could be done. When this had been established and further confirmed by the doctor who was called, Kondo and Mrs. Warden looked around for the young man—but he was no longer there.

The news of the murder brought extras out upon the streets of Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland at ten o'clock that night; the news took the first page in San Francisco, Chicago, and New York papers, in competition with the war news, the next morning. Seattle, stirred at once at the murder of one of its most prominent citizens, stirred still further at the new proof that Warden had been a power in business and finance; then, as the second day's dispatches from the larger cities came in, it stirred a third time at the realization—for so men said—that this was the second time such a murder had happened.

Warden had been what was called among men of

was compared with the fact that Latron's death had occurred at a time of fierce financial stress and warfare. But in this comparison Warden's statement to his wife was not borne out. Men of high place in the business world appeared, from time to time during the next few days, at Warden's offices, and even at his house, coming from other cities on the Coast and from as far east as Chicago; they felt the need, many of them, of looking after interests of their own which were involved with Warden's. All concurred in saying that, so far as Warden and his properties were concerned, the time was one of peace; neither attack nor serious disagreement had threatened him.

More direct investigation of the murder went on unceasingly through these days. The statements of Kondo and Corboy were verified; it was even learned at what spot Warden's murderer had left the motor unobserved by Corboy. Beyond this, no trace was found of him, and the disappearance of the young man who had come to Warden's house and waited there for three-quarters of an hour to see him was also complete.

No suspicion attached to this young man; Warden's talk with his wife made it completely clear that, if he had any connection with the murder, it was only as befriending him brought danger to Warden. His disappearance seemed explicable therefore only in one way. Appeals to him to come forward were published in the newspapers; he was offered the help of influential men, if help was what he needed, and a money reward was promised for revealing himself and explaining why Warden saw inevitable danger in befriending him. To these offers he made no response. The theory therefore gained ground that his appointment with Warden had involved him in Warden's fate; it was generally credited that he too must have been killed; or, if he was alive, he saw in Warden's swift and summary destruction a warning of his own fate if he came forward and sought to speak at this time.

Thus after ten days no information from or about this mysterious young man had been gained.

## CHAPTER II. The Express Is Held For A Personage.

**O**N the morning of the eleventh day, Bob Connery, special conductor for the Coast division of one of the chief transcontinentals, was having late breakfast on his day off at his little cottage on the

shore of Puget Sound, when he was treated to the unusual sight of a large touring car stopping before his door. The car carried no one but the chauffeur, however, and he at once made plain that he came only as a message-bearer when he hurried from the car to the house with an envelope in his hand. Connery, meeting him at the door, opened the envelope and found within an order in the handwriting of the president of the railroad and over his signature.

Connery:  
No. 5 being held at Seattle terminal until nine o'clock—will run one hour late. This is your authority to supersede the regular man as conductor—prepared to go through to Chicago. You will facilitate every desire and obey, when possible, any request even as to running of the train, which may be made by a passenger who will identify himself by a card from me.

H. R. JARVIS.

The conductor, accustomed to take charge of trains



They made their way forward where the snow-plough was being coupled on.

business and finance a member of the "Latron crowd"; he had been close, at one time, to the great Western capitalist Matthew Latron; the properties in which he had made his wealth, and whose direction and administration had brought him the respect and attention of other men, had been closely allied with or even included among those known as the "Latron properties"; and Latron, five years before, had been murdered. The parallel between the two cases was not as great as the newspapers in their search for the startling made it appear; nevertheless, there was a parallel. Latron's murderer had been a man who called upon him by appointment, and Warden's murderer, it appeared, had been equally known to him, or at least equally recommended. Of this as much was made as possible in the suggestion that the same agency was behind the two.

The statement of Cora Warden, indicating that Warden's death might have been caused by men with whom he was—or had been at one time—associated,



when princes, envoys, presidents and great people of any sort took to travel publicly or privately, fingered the heavy cream-coloured note-paper upon which the order was written and looked up at the chauffeur. The order itself was surprising enough even to Connery. Some passengers of extraordinary influence, obviously, was to take the train; not only the holding of the transcontinental for an hour told this, but there was the further plain statement that the passenger would be incognito. Astonishing also was the fact that the order was written upon private note-paper. There had been a monogram at the top of the sheet, but it had been torn off; that would not have been if Mr. Jarvis had sent the order from home. Who could have had the president of the road call upon him at half past seven in the morning and have told Mr. Jarvis to hold the Express for an hour?

CONNERY, having served for twenty of his forty-two years under Mr. Jarvis, and the last five, at least, in almost a confidential capacity, was certain of the distinctive characters of the president's handwriting. The enigma of the order, however, had piqued him so that he pretended doubt. "Where did you get this?" he challenged the chauffeur.

"From Mr. Jarvis."  
 "Of course; but where?"  
 "You mean you want to know where he was?"  
 Connery smiled quietly. If he himself was trusted to be cautious and circumspect, the chauffeur also plainly was accustomed to be in the employ of one who required reticence. Connery looked from the note to the bearer more keenly. There was something familiar in the chauffeur's face—just enough to have made Connery believe, at first, that probably he had seen the man meeting some passenger at the station.  
 "You are——" Connery ventured more casually.  
 "In private employ; yes, sir," the man cut off quickly. Then Connery knew him; it was when Gabriel Warden traveled on Connery's train that the conductor had seen this chauffeur; this was Patrick Corboy, who had driven Warden the night he was killed. But Connery, having won his point, knew better than to show it. "Waiting for a receipt from me?" he asked, as if he had abandoned his curiosity.  
 The chauffeur nodded. Connery took a sheet of paper, wrote on it, sealed it in an envelope and handed it over; the chauffeur hastened back to his car and drove off. Connery, order in hand, stood at the door watching the car depart. He whistled softly

to himself. Evidently his passenger was to be one of the great men in Eastern finance who had been brought West by Warden's death. As the car disappeared, Connery gazed off to the Sound.  
 The March morning was windy and wet, with a storm blowing in from the Pacific. East of the mountains—in Idaho and Montana—there was snow, and a heavy fall of it, as the conductor well knew from the long list of incoming trains yesterday stalled or badly overdue; but at Seattle, so far, only rain or a soft, sloppy sleet had appeared. Through this rose the smoke from tugs and a couple of freighters putting out in spite of the storm, and from further up Elliot Bay reverberated the roar of the steam-whistle of some large ship signaling its intention to pass another to the left. The incoming vessel loomed in sight and showed the graceful lines, the single funnel and the white and red-barred flag of the Japanese line, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha. Connery saw that it was, as he anticipated, the "Tamba Maru," due two days before, having been delayed by bad weather over the Pacific. It would dock, Connery estimated, just in time to permit a passenger to catch the Eastern Express if that were held till nine o'clock. So, as he hastened to the car-line, Connery  
 (Continued on page 17.)

# Calling Our Harvest Reserves

## A Matter of National Economics

IN THE RUSH TO GATHER OUR WHEAT IN 1916, WILL QUEBEC REACH OUT FOR THE COLOSSAL HARVEST WAGES AWAITING HER?

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

WINNIPEG, August 12th.

WHATEVER romance there may be about estimating a wheat crop, there is very little but plain, cold mathematics about computing the labour necessary to gather it in. No amount of gambling on the number of men needed would have any effect on the price of the labour. There are no bulls and bears in the free-for-all labour market that once a year musters common labour, miscellaneous talent and as many kinds of people as can be found in a big mining camp into one spontaneous army corps of stokers and pitchers and threshers. In that army a man's brains or his manners do not of necessity count in themselves. He must have tough hands—or get them—and boots that know how to hustle as near as possible from sun to sun. For the big grain-field east of the Rockies crowds most of its glorified epic of binders and stokers and pitchers into a couple of moons.

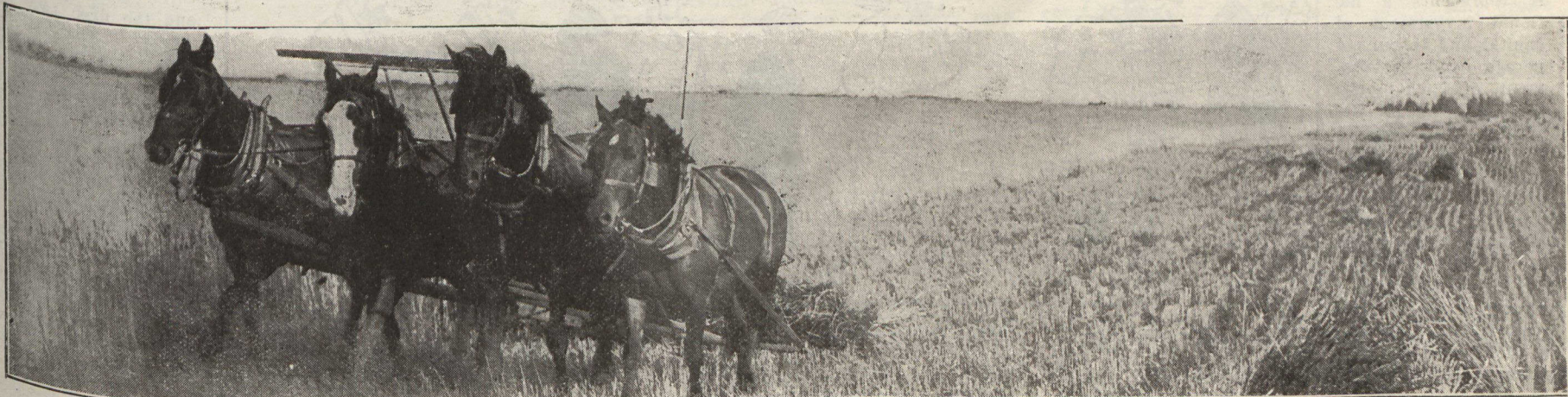
What appears to be the second greatest Canadian harvest is now beginning in the West. Whether the total wheat crop will reach 250,000,000 bushels or whether it will not more than equal the before-1915 record of 210,000,000 is for crop experts to bicker about. A ten per cent. decrease in acreage from 1915 will make small difference to the amount of labour needed to get the 1916 crop from the standing field into the maw of the threshing-mill, the granary and the local elevators. Labour in high dimensions is needed in the West. The wheat demands it. The buying efficiency of Canada in the world's markets and the home market depends in a tremendous degree upon the wheat crop between Kenora and Calgary, Souris and the top edge of North Alberta—a wheat empire 1,000 miles in length and 300 miles wide.

Those easterners who preach so wisely about westerners working out their salvation by mixed farming may as well, for the time being anyway, put

those sermons back in the bottom of the barrel. They may come handy on the next circuit. At present the western farmer has a passion for wheat, because it represents the quickest return on investment, because a herd of cattle costs a large amount of money and considerable time to develop; because wheat requires no water more than the moisture to make it grow, needs no barns, can apparently be cropped year after year without rotation of crops, often without ploughing more than once in three years—on good land ultimately going to the devil by bad crop methods, but just now holding its own on a wheat average of about 20 bushels the acre. Great is the cultivator and the disc harrow! Wheat is as fundamental to the Canadian prairie just now as political regeneration is to Manitoba. And since August, 1915, the wheat epic has never ceased in that country. Nineteen-fifteen wheat is still going out to Fort William and Port Arthur. When the first car of 1916 grain is inspected at Winnipeg there will yet be some millions of 1915 wheat on the way out. The western farmer thinks, dreams, multiplies, worships—Wheat. He may fall below 1915 by a hundred million bushels or more. That makes no difference. The crop of 1915 is still a glorified hangover, while the crop of 1916 is the possibility of another spree.

And so long as the price of this wheat doesn't get boosted by war demand, decreased visibilities or rust experts beyond a sensible commercial height, that's about all the average easterner cares to know about the wheat crop of the West. It happens, however, by the peculiar irony of industrial conditions in Canada that the East must for a good while yet shake itself out of its smug unconcern, trusting to the Lord, the weather and the way things always work, and take a very practical notice of this western wheat crop. In 1916 the East needs to take notice more than ever. No. 1, 2, 3 Hard, No. 1, 2, 3, 4 Northern—are important facts for Ontario, Quebec and Maritime inhabitants as well as for the prairie.

In the first place, more labour is needed from the East to harvest the second greatest crop of 1916 than was taken last year. The East may say that's none of its business; but if the East is only half as selfish as the West sometimes thinks it is, the call for 25,000 harvest hands from



The "peak load" of the West's labour requirements will soon be facing the country. It must be met.



the eastern provinces will not be disregarded. There need be no sentiment in the answer. Good sentiment between East and West is not as a rule helped much by matters of trade. In past years harvesters' excursions were the most exciting episode in Canadian transportation problems. The yearly trek of harvest hands and homeseekers was a rollicking adventure. Thousands of men went on these cheap long hauls because they had never seen the West, and never knew when they might take a notion to homestead or buy land in that country. The Eldorado beckoned and the harvesters went, the noisiest army of impossibles that ever screamed a path through a new country.

**P**ART of the lure was the wages. Much of it may have been the land. Most of it was the West, the country to which polyglot peoples from Europe and the United States were going in a grand crescendo under the guidance of Clifford Sifton and Frank Oliver. The world's hands and feet were in the West. To go West was a popular passion. Not to have seen the prairies was to be counted a mossback or a stick-in-the-mud. And those who came back from the harvest fields of Western Canada to get rid of their wages at \$2.50 to \$3.00 a day had seen part of a wonderful country to which in the decade 1904 to 1914, 2,500,000 people had gone from half the lands of civilization.

More immigrants, more wheat; more wheat, more labour wanted in the harvest. The aggregates were never just what might have been expected. But it is a matter of great popular interest to have a look at the comparative figures of immigration and wheat. For the period between 1904 and 1914; just as interesting as the moving-picture of any ant-hill or beehive. Here they are:

Total Immigration.		Total Wheat Production.	
Fiscal year 1904-05 .	146,266	1904 . . . . .	69,029,266
" 1905-06 .	189,064	1905 . . . . .	113,978,215
Fiscal period (9 mos.) 1906-07 . . . .	124,667	1906 . . . . .	125,505,491
Fiscal year 1907-08 .	262,469	1907 . . . . .	
" 1908-09 .	146,908	1908 . . . . .	
" 1909-10 .	208,794	1909 . . . . .	
" 1910-11 .	311,084	1910 . . . . .	132,045,782
" 1911-12 .	354,237	1911 . . . . .	230,924,000
" 1912-13 .	402,432	1912 . . . . .	224,159,000
" 1913-14 .	384,878	1913 . . . . .	231,717,000
" 1914-15 .	144,789	1914 . . . . .	161,280,000

Then in 1915 comes this startling comparison:

Total Immigration.	Total Wheat Production.
144,789	345,000,000

In the year of our lowest immigration since the fiscal period 1903-04 we produced in the West 140,000,000 bushels more wheat, as well as a corresponding increase in other grains, than we produced in the highest crop year in the decade 1904-14.

The way that mammoth harvest was handled with very little help from the surplus of immigration was a revelation of what Canada could do in an emergency; just as great a proof of Canadian efficiency under unusual conditions as the raising of our army or the financing of our war loans.

**T**HERE is another test chance awaiting the Canadian people in the harvest of 1916. Wheat is once more to the front. In Winnipeg, if you begin to trace the fortunes of milady's \$1,000 fold-platinum hand-bag stolen in Crescentwood, you are sure to land up in a wheatfield or an elevator or a box-car. The wheat of the West belongs as much to Halifax as it does to Winnipeg and Regina. Its value at the seaboard and at Liverpool is what determines its value to the whole of Canada. It represents a national investment of capital and labour, of people and government, of farm labour that belongs to the West and harvest labour imported from elsewhere and paid for by the wheat.

Last year the wages of harvest labour in the wheat-belt worked out to an aggregate somewhat as follows:

Forty-four thousand harvesters were employed for a total period of about three months. The full maximum of this wage-army's operations covered a period of about three weeks. But it would be a conservative estimate to reckon that the wages paid by wheat in

1915 represented the labour of 40,000 men for a level period of two months or nine weeks. The wages ran from \$2.50 to \$3.00 a day, or an average of say, \$20 a week. To this must be added the cost of board and lodgings—such as the latter might happen to be—not less than \$5.00 a week to each man. This makes a total of \$25 a week per man paid by the wheat-producers to the harvest men. For an average period of nine weeks this means to one harvester \$225 for the harvest. To be conservative, make it \$200. Multiply \$200 by 40,000 and you have a grand total of \$8,000,000, representing the part of wheat production paid to harvest labour in 1915 on a crop whose total worth was approximately \$250,000,000.

While I write figures are not available of wages paid by our basic industries, such as iron and steel, textiles, lumber, railroading and shipping. But we must set down the wages value of wheat in this country between the standing crop and the local elevator as a colossal item in the yearly dividends paid to Canadian labour. Add to that the yearly bill of wages paid to railway workers, elevator operators and transportation hands for the handling of Canadian wheat, leaving out entirely the freight charges, and it is easily seen that the yearly wages of wheat in this country becomes a huge factor in our national economic situation.

The wheat wages of 1916 will fall below those of 1915, but will rank as a good second up. Last year was a very open season. Harvesters worked later than usual. Otherwise so great a crop could not have been handled by 44,000 men.

Assuming that 1916 will be an average season for length, it is estimated that about as many men will be needed as last year. But suppose we make it 4,000 less. That still leaves 40,000 men of an army needed to gather the 1916 crop.

Last year 15,000 men went from east of Fort William. That was 7,000 less than the greatest crop exodus that ever took place from the East—in 1912 the year of the labour-glut that never will happen again.

**T**HE West has learned considerable since 1912.

Whatever romance still hangs over crop estimates, estimates for labour are figured with mathematical care. In the office of the Dominion Commissioner of Immigration, the relative figures of crop, immigration and labour are all carefully tabulated. The estimate of 40,000 minimum needed for 1916 is conservative.

Of this total, 8,000 are expected from the military camps. Cities and towns in the West may furnish 2,000. Minnesota, Dakota and contiguous States may supply 2,000 or 3,000, though last year American imported harvesters numbered only 800. British Columbia proposes to export no labour to the prairies unless said labour decides to remain there; the logging camps are short of men. Unemployed anywhere in the West are curiosities, except among the few idle rich.

This leaves a total of perhaps 27,000 men needed from the East, unless steps already taken in Alberta provide more men for that area than are expected in the Dominion Immigration offices at Winnipeg. This is at least 10,000 more easterners than were needed last year. The reason is obvious. The war has dragnetted the prairies of men. Last year enlistments had not reached the proportions of 1916. In the fiscal year 1914-15, there were 145,000 immigrants into Canada. 1915-16's immigration is much less, though from the United States for the summer months it is almost double that of last year. There is always an available surplus of harvest labour from immigration. With low immigration and high enlist-

history of Canadian labour, unskilled and unorganized workers in Winnipeg struck for a heavy increase in wages.

Such are the mathematical outlines of a situation that promises to be the most acute harvest-labour shortage ever known in this country. What will the East do to meet it as a national problem? No heavy contributions of labour can be expected from Ontario, whose farmers are already short-handed. The Maritime Provinces, where harvesting is on a much smaller scale according to total population, may furnish a good number, though nothing to compare to the boom days when the Maritime harvest hands were among the most important corps organized for western labour.

**T**HE one remaining great possibility is Quebec. And Quebec ought to rise to the occasion. Enlistment has not depleted the Quebec farms of men. The Quebec harvest, being to a great extent hay, will be all off before the full swing of the western harvest is on. There are more workers to the square mile in populated Quebec than in most other parts of Canada. Wages as a general thing are lower there. A good habitant worker can make more in a week on the western harvest fields than he could make in a month on the St. Lawrence. And he would see, besides, a country which comparatively few Quebecers have ever seen.

There may be plausible arguments why the French-Canadian does not to any great extent enlist. There can be no argument why he should not join the grand army of western workers in the harvest. The Department of the Interior has already begun a newspaper campaign in the French language in Quebec. Three—yes four great railways are accessible to the French-Canadian who, after he reaches Montreal at a half cent a mile from where he lives, gets a \$12 rate one way to Winnipeg with a reduced rate beyond that to the point where he gets his job.

In the name of good citizenship and the chance to make a good wad of pocket money, it is to be hoped that Johnnie Courteau will rise to the occasion. There should be at least 10,000, at most 15,000 men easily available from Quebec for the western harvest.

Here again a little figuring may be of interest. Suppose that Quebec should send 15,000 men to the West. The total amount of harvest money earnable by that 15,000 men is not less than \$3,000,000. Of this total amount an aggregate of \$900,000 to \$1,000,000 would be spent in railway fares. There would be easily a balance of more than \$2,000,000 for the French-Canadians to take back to Quebec over and above the regular revenues of that province. In the interest of thrifty Quebec, it looks as though that \$2,000,000 net is very much worth the while of Quebec to go after.

**"S**OME day," a westerner said to me, as we listened to the music in a certain hotel rotunda, "some one of these fine days the people that are elected to run this country will hit on the right scheme for solving our farm labour problems. In the first place they'll come to a better understanding of the labourer himself. They'll learn that he isn't just a drudge, but an important factor in the community. Then they'll study the rotation of crops in various parts of the Dominion and make the supply of labour fit the demand as nearly as possible."

"But how?"  
"Well, take Quebec, Ontario and the West, for example. Each of these sections has a sort of 'peak load' to meet every year. The great demand for farm labour in Quebec comes of course in the hay-ing season chiefly, in June and early July. Now,

in Ontario, the peak load of farm work comes in, say, the last three weeks of July and the first two in August. That is in connection with the hoeing season—attending to the turnips, mangolds, corn and other feed crops for Ontario's dairy herds.

"The West's peak load starts a little before the Ontario demand is over and lasts until all the wheat is in. There's an overlapping of needs there

that perhaps may never be done away with. But the relation between Quebec and the West is dear and friendly needs don't overlap. There should be closer co-operation."

This speaker was right. There should be.





# SECOND THOUGHTS ON NIAGARA

Being Two Views of Canada as Seen on a Cheap Excursion

By ELIZABETH, ET AL

**N**CESSITY drew me, not long ago, across the American border to Buffalo and Cleveland and thence by a series of different railway lines, each worse than the last, far into the rural heart of Iowa. The passengers on the Toronto-Buffalo train had scarcely looked out the window, as we crossed the Niagara Gorge below the Falls and I, for one, gave them no thought until, in the dirty Iowa local train a hog-raising Iowan sat in the seat with me and in a gentle, friendly way, insisted on conversation.

He began with "Turble hot!" I agreed. He mentioned the price of hogs and the corn-crop and Mr. Hughes' chances of becoming President of the United States. Then he asked whence I came and whither I was bound, and when he learned that the former was Toronto, in the Dominion of Canada, he drew a long, sucking breath through his whiskers and let it out again like a sigh.

"You don't tell me!" he said, and added after a thoughtful pause: "That must be all of two hundred mile."

"A little more," I admitted. "Now h-a-ow," he said, tilting his head shrewdly on one side, not unlike a robin when he listens for worms on the wet lawn, "now h-a-ow might you come f'm T'ronta? Would it be by N'York State or just h-a-ow?"

"By the falls," I said.

"The falls?"

"Niagara."

"Y-you be'n t' N'ag'ra?" anxiously.

"Why, yes."

"Y've seen N'ag'ra Falls!"

"Why, of course."

"Well! Well!" and again he sucked in a long breath and sighed.

This time, however, he said nothing, but after a long time rose, excusing himself and teetered down the aisle of the swaying car. Presently he returned, pushing ahead of him a little pale old woman, his wife.

"Ma," he said, holding her at the end of my seat, "this gentleman's been t' N'ag'ra!"

"Eh?" piped the little lady.

"T' N'ag'ra!"

"Goodness!" she breathed. "T' the Falls—"

"Y'see," explained her husband, after she was seated and while he perched like a boy on the plush arm of the seat.

"Y'see, Ma and I've been planning t' go t' the Falls someday. We've been savin' a long time and we reckon we c'n go 'bout two years this fall—all bein' well. Na-ow, ef y' could tell Ma 'n me somethin' about what we better do when we get there—"

It was so sincere, so naive, so evidently the great anticipation of the lives of these people that I hastily summoned my recollections of the really tiresome cataract—tiresome when it is only a dollar-fifty away from one's own home town—wondering what I had overlooked that made it seem so great to these Iowan farmers. I told them what I could, but their thirst was unwhetted. I fished out of my grip a dog-eared post-card someone had sent me from the Falls, and the pair absorbed its lithographed detail eagerly. I might not have understood them had we not mentioned the Mississippi River, which to me was a sight yet to be enjoyed—to them, like Niagara to me, commonplace.

Last week Elizabeth and I, who are in some danger of growing old and set in our ways, re-visited Niagara. I am not going to write of the Falls, or the Gorge, or the water which is still going to "awfu' waste," as the time-worn Scotch-ish tourist observed. For

though these things must continue to attract people such as my friends in Iowa and even the great blase folk, the English tourists of pre and post-war days who condescended and will in the future condescend again to colonial scenery and colonial investments, even the plunging of an impetuous river over a suicidal brink becomes monotonous. The Niagara River is, for one thing, so blatantly egotistical. It makes as much bother and fuss about traversing the short distance from Lake Erie—quite a sober and

big gasoline 'bus. Thus I hoped to pave the way, as it were, for a decent little motor outing—we sold our 'bus: couldn't afford to keep it oiled—and revisit Niagara without having to join an excursion crowd. But Elizabeth wouldn't hear of it. "Mark my words, Dick," she said, "it's not Niagara we'll care about. It's the folks that go to Niagara, and 'specially the young folks that will remind us of what happy dubs we used to be before you owned a dress-suit and smoked heavy cigars and read French plays to me at nights—"

Elizabeth did not see what I saw that day. That

is one of the great things about Elizabeth. I saw hot docks and a sweltering crowd and a ticket seller with his coat off scowling and answering the unnecessary questions that women excursionists always ask of everybody. I saw two self-conscious officers standing at a gang-plank collecting tickets, and I heard children innumerable clamouring in the melee as though they enjoyed the very excitement of getting aboard.

**E**LIZABETH, on the other hand, pointed out the curious mixture of types in the crowd—she had taken her share of jostling as good naturedly as anyone else and we were seated on the top-most deck of the vessel facing over the stern. "If you want to see how this country is changing, Richard," she said to me, "look at the people on this boat. Was it twenty years ago that we used to cross here—with a chaperone? Do you remember the kind of people we travelled with then?"

"No," I said, for I was still hot from the scuffle on the gang-plank, "I don't think I do. Were they different?"

"They were nearly all Anglo-Saxons, or Scotch or Irish-Canadians, with Buffalo-Americans mixed in."

"What are they now?"

"Look for yourself," she said.

"Foreigners," I exclaimed, after a cursory glance at our fellow-travellers. "Foreigners! Jews!"

"No," said Elizabeth, "you're wrong. They aren't foreigners—though some of them are Jews right enough—they're Canadians!"

"But look at that one! That's a Greek, I warrant. That one's an Italian. There are three Swedes and the rest—Jews."

"And yet Canadians," persisted Elizabeth, quietly.

"With votes?"

"I don't doubt it."

Nowadays you can see the whirlpool not just from the banks of the river, but you can ride in a new cable railway right out over the very centre of the maelstrom and look down into it, writhing below. Spanish engineers had just completed the cable-way and the first passengers were crossing as Elizabeth and I arrived.

"And children growing up?"

"They all have children with them."

"It's too much for me, Elizabeth," I said. "This country is going to the dogs. . . . Why aren't those men at the front?"

"They might ask the same of you," retorted my companion of even disposition. "They can't tell by your face that you've been refused. Other people may have honest reasons, too, Richard."

**I** SAID, "humph," and opened my magazine. "It's too windy to talk much," I added. "Got your book, 'Lizabeth'?"

"No," she said, "but never mind. I see some people I know. I'm going to talk to them. You stay here and keep my chair."

I hitched my feet into the rungs of Elizabeth's chair and opened the magazine. Time passed.

"Ya," said a boy's voice close by my windward ear, "I like it. D'you?"

"Very much," said a voice I knew. "Is this the first time you've seen a lake like this?"

"Not the first time I've seen a lake, lady," the boy

Lighthouses are as fascinating at fifty as at ten—and as laconic and mysterious.



respectable lake—to Lake Ontario, which is even more respectable, as though the whole world were interested in its destiny. Elizabeth and I know a river—you could never find it on an ordinary map of Ontario—which is so unlike the Niagara that the latter can never, in our estimation, recover from the contrast. Our river rises out of nothing—a self-made river—somewhere up in the back end of a certain county. It gathers volume as it approaches Lake Ontario, and occasionally it breaks out into a modest song at a rapid or two here and there. Niagara bellows, threatens and dares you to do some fool stunt. Our river in another part of Ontario, has quiet manners and does its work behind a number of power dams, without protest, yet with great efficiency.

It is the cataract of human beings that makes Niagara interesting. First of all, when I had told Elizabeth about the Iowans and when she suggested a trip to revisit Niagara, I had agreed, but with a secret reservation in mind. I would go over to Tom Johnson's place and suggest to him the joy of motoring through the Niagara Peninsula—Johnson has a



replied, and I knew he was talking to Elizabeth. "There's lots of lakes up in the country where I come from, only not so big as this one, I guess. There ain't any steamboats as big as this where I come from. Only canoes and launches."

"What country do you come from?" asked Elizabeth.

"Canada," said the boy.

"But this is Canada!"

"I mean th' Dominyun of Canada," returned the boy. "Though of course I don't live in all of it—only the clay belt part."

"But this is the Dominion of Canada, too." Elizabeth insisted. "This is the older part of Canada. That is Toronto back there on the sky-line. That's Toronto Island."

"Don't see how it can be any older'n our part of the country," the boy retorted. "My father says there's rocks up there near Cobalt older'n all the rest of the world."

"Is your father a Canadian?"

"Sure."

"Where was he born?"

"In Switzerland."

"And your mother?"

"She's English."

"Were you born in Canada?"

"Sure. I'm a Canadian. I was born in a log house near where Haileybury is now. This's the first time I ever saw this country."

"But it's all the same country," Elizabeth insisted.

"Y-yes. I know you," he answered. "But it don't seem the same. The people are different. They're more like the Englishmen you hear in the town sometimes. They ain't like us."

There was more of the conversation, but let it go at that. What follows came from Elizabeth.

"I met Hester —" she said, returning to her seat as we neared the entrance to the Niagara River. "She's been doing settlement work among the foreigners and she's been introducing me to her friends."

"Foreigners?" I snorted.

"Canadians, Richard—and good ones at that. There's a little Italian girl who's got two brothers in a Toronto battalion, and a little Jewess whose brother is going through Osgoode Hall now."

"What!" I said. "Are they even pushing their way into the law?"

"Why not?"

I evaded that and demanded:

"Who was the boy?"

"The boy I had down here by the rail. Another Canadian who thinks Toronto is a foreign country. He's on his way to see the Falls for the first time. His father has made money in the clay-belt and has sent the boy down, alone, to see the world."

"He'll get into trouble," I muttered.

"No, he won't. He's a real Canadian. I hinted that we might show him 'round, but he shy-ed at that."

What we saw in the way of "scenic wonders" in the gorge of Niagara and from beside the falls themselves, is of little account. See advertising folders. We "did" every thing that is traditionally done. We bought ice-cream cones and ate our lunch under the shadow of Brock's Monument. We avoided the clutches of the cabmen and eschewed picture post-cards and Indian work-baskets or felspar souvenirs. Late that night, drowsy from the absorption of such unwonted quantities of fresh air and sunlight, we sat on the upper deck of the excursion steamer and watched the moonlight on the lake. About us were the same lovers, the same family parties, with empty

lunch baskets and sleepy babies, snatching as many winks as they could with their sun-burned small faces buried in maternal shirt-waists or skirt-folds. Elizabeth was nursing a child to sleep, whose mother hadn't room enough for the others, let alone this one, and whose name was Rachel. Rachel was seven.

"You know," said Elizabeth, whispering when she knew Rachel was thoroughly asleep, "she's been telling me all about Laura Secord and the Battle of Queenston Heights. Her oldest sister goes to school and had piloted the whole family over the ground—mother and all."

"But do you mean to tell me," I said, "that this child can ever be a real Canadian?"

"Of course," laughed Elizabeth. "The only trouble is, Richard, that you are still an Old Countryman—and not a Canadian at all."

This may or may not be true. It shows, however, what one may learn on an excursion if one has an observant wife. Elizabeth says that the Iowan farmer, by sending us to Niagara Falls once more, did us a real service. She says that one can get into a rut very easily and fall into the habit of thinking that the world is what you want it to be. She says that was the case with me and Canada: that because I mix with people of a certain kind who read quarterly magazines and heavy volumes from political presses, I have overlooked the real nature of Canada and Canadians.

"The best review in the world," says she, "is just people. Study people and you see the real foundations of politics. Study books and you only get a second-hand view of them and that probably through prejudiced eyes."

She is usually right.

# THE WAR AND CANADIAN SPORT

*Lacrosse and Football all but Deserted for the Bigger Game in Europe*

GO to the playing-fields of any Canadian town or city this year and you will find that a great change has come over them. Not only do they present a striking contrast to what you would have found in peace times, but everything has greatly altered even since last summer. There are no longer more matches arranged than the space can accommodate. A few Englishmen still meet for their soccer, but there is not one game where a dozen could have been found in 1914. The ranks of the cricketers, always thin, have almost reached vanishing point, and to complete the elevens, small boys in nickers are being given a chance, small boys who would not have aspired to such an honour before the war. And the signs of the playing fields do not indicate merely that the British-born have gone back home to fight. The Canadians are also absent, and in the towns between Montreal and Vancouver you cannot find more than a score of adult lacrosse teams this summer, outside of the aggregations of soldiers. Last year there was a single league in Ontario that contained nearly a hundred teams. And during the coming fall and winter, rugby and hockey will languish in the same way.

That has been the immediate effect of war upon the sports of Canada. Of course it was to be expected. The steady march of athletes from the playing field to the training camp has more than justified the efforts of the mature men who considered it important in the past to encourage the national sports. They believed that the strenuous games, well played, would make good citizens, though they could not foresee that they were also manufacturing good soldiers. A man who will bore in on a determined defence in lacrosse to score a necessary goal ought to possess the nerve and strength of purpose to face most dangers; a man who takes a flying tackle at a charging half-back of the famous Shirlye Lawson type should have in him the proper stuff to make a good aviator; and the rushing forwards of a hockey team doubtless find that a charge is not altogether an unfamiliar experience. We have always prided ourselves that our three typical Canadian games bring out all that is best in the physical and mental make-up of the players. In playing lacrosse, hockey and rugby, the body is trained and the mind disciplined. To excel at any of them the players must be in good condition, daring and willing to take a chance, and they have also to use good judgment. What better material for making a soldier?

That the athletes are doing their part, the honour rolls will testify. They have already contained many names familiar to the Canadian sporting world from

By FRED JACOB

coast to coast. Almost the first was "Nick" Carter, the famous home player of the Vancouver Lacrosse Team, who will always be remembered in the history of the game as an example of a strong and heavy man who knew how to make his weight tell in goal getting. There was Allen Davidson, of Kingston, whose fame in hockey was similar to that of Carter in lacrosse. He also gave his life before the first year was out. Art. Muir, of Winnipeg, and Ross Binkley, of Dundas, are two heroes of the war who first became known as heroes of the gridiron. The presence of either of these men on a rugby team has frequently meant the difference between victory and defeat. Muir was a tower of strength on the line, and who will ever forget the thrill of Binkley's drop kicks? From Toronto came Jeff Taylor, an all-round athlete, and probably the greatest stroke that ever sat in an Argonaut boat. He was among the first of the gas victims. The most widely known names among the Canadians who have given their lives are the names of athletes.

We know the immediate effect of the war on sport; we know the effect of sport on the calibre of the men that it has prepared for the army; but we can only guess at the effect of the war upon the sports of the Dominion in the future—and it is not an uninteresting occupation.

The effect of the war on lacrosse, like other games, was not immediately felt. Kaiser William launched his armies upon a peaceful world in the middle of a busy season, but some shallow person hastened to coin the phrase "Business as usual," and its pernicious teaching was applied to sport as well as to other things. It took many months for the people of Canada to learn that they could only do one thing at a time well, and that if they were really in earnest about going to war, all their energy would be required for the conflict. There was no interruption to the lacrosse season of 1914; the rugby season followed in due course, and the winter brought the usual amount of hockey. Lacrosse came round again with the return of the warm weather, and even though many players were absent, the season of 1915 was good, especially in Manitoba and Ontario.

The first indication that the national sports were to be put aside until the treaty of peace is signed came in the fall of last year, when the universities passed up rugby. The amateur hockey players followed with the announcement that after another winter of championship contests they would give their entire attention to the war. It was fitting, how-

ever, that the lacrosse players, the exponents of Canada's own great game, should have made the cleanest sweep. In Ontario alone, sixty per cent. of the men who wielded the gutted stick during the season of 1915 put on khaki in the following winter, and two of the four championship teams saw all but a couple of their players depart as soldiers. Here and there throughout the Province enough men have been able to get together this year to form an occasional half-hearted team, and if you are alert enough you can occasionally see a contest, but on the whole the lacrosse players have turned their attention to a bigger game. In the Middle West and at the Pacific Coast the same conditions exist, and 1916 will be remembered as the year in which Canada played very little lacrosse. The only outstanding exception has been the National Lacrosse Union, the semi-professional organization, playing through its schedule with teams in Ottawa, Cornwall and Montreal.

There is at least one very hopeful sign for the future of lacrosse. With the men away at the war, the boys who aspire to play the national game have come into their own. For nearly a decade there have been juvenile and midget leagues, but the little lads never received a great deal of attention, not as much as they deserved. In Winnipeg the game was played in the schools; in Ontario the chief amateur league had a juvenile championship, but the performances of the boys were looked upon as of minor importance. A bunch of well-coached youngsters can provide a very amusing and really classy game of lacrosse. The older players who are not turning out themselves have been discovering this year that such is the case. They are finding a great deal of interest in teaching the little fellows the fine points of the game, and their pupils are revelling in having the spot-light turned on their contests in miniature.

The coaching of so many boys will have a marked effect on the quality of the lacrosse played five years hence. It means that a new crop of players is being developed, and they will be continuing to ripen for many seasons after the war.

In other fields of prophecy it is easy to be mistaken. Still, one ventures to say that the war will mark the end of the era in which professional lacrosse threatened to eclipse the amateur brand. There is not likely to be another attempt to put the game on a purely commercial basis. Lacrosse has never really thrived when handled in a professional manner. It can not be more than semi-professional. Now, technically speaking, there is no such thing as a semi-professional in sport. Either you are amateur or you are not. The term "semi-professional" does



serve, however, to describe a sort of twilight zone that exists in lacrosse where clubs may be found that do pay small salaries, so small at times as to be mere retaining fees. At the same time their players are not loosely attached and are willing to fight hard for the colours that they wear. There is something of the club spirit of amateurism, even though a little cash is passed around. In the east, we may see the N. L. U. continued on this basis, and in the west there will be the Pacific Coast League, but that is the closest lacrosse can come to professionalism.

One leading lacrosse enthusiast in Toronto used to claim before the war that our young men were becoming too soft to play the national game. He declared that they preferred a sissy appearance and were afraid of a bump or a bruise. We may have been too flaccid and comfort loving in those soft days prior to August 4th, 1914, but if we are to look for psychological effects from the war, we may expect a boom in lacrosse, rugby and hockey, three virile sports that ought to appeal to young men who are not afraid to discipline themselves.

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ALMOST everything that is said about lacrosse can be dittoed for hockey and rugby, with a few slight differences. Hockey has shown itself in the past to be the best adapted of the Canadian games to the purposes of professionalism. On the other hand, it is difficult to imagine professional Canadian rugby at all.

Because rugby is played in the fall and hockey in the winter, they have valuable advantages over lacrosse. Both of them are encouraged, organized, and developed in school and college leagues, while lacrosse, played in the holiday season of June, July and August, must stand on its own feet and look after itself, at the same time contending against more opposition games. Just as the school element in hockey and rugby gave them special advantages before the war, so will the same influence stimulate them again afterwards. In two or three seasons at the outside, the college teams, and later the city teams will be as strong as ever.

It is probable that professional hockey will survive, and have the unique honor, if honor it can be called, of being the only Canadian game that succeeds commercially. There are several reasons for

this. The teams can perform twice a week, which gives them a better opportunity to make money, while rugby and lacrosse are once-a-week games at the most. Hockey is played at night, when crowds can always be secured, and it belongs to a season when there is practically no sporting opposition. Professional hockey has proved its staying powers at the Pacific Coast as well as in Ontario and Quebec. Out of the vast crop of hockey players there are bound to be a number who are not in it solely for the love of the game, and they possess their followings, even though they may not be able to draw like the best amateur games played in Toronto and Winnipeg. The new spirit awakened in Canada will deal a bad blow to professionalism in sport, but it will not do away with the paid hockey player. After the war, large crowds of fans will gather to watch him perform, just as they did before.

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IT may be that some stranger in our midst will contradict the statement that Canadians have put aside their sports until the war is ended, basing his assertion upon the report that professional baseball is thriving this season in the Dominion, especially in Toronto. But it must be borne in mind that professional baseball can hardly be considered under the heading of Canadian sport. It might be more accurately described as a peculiar development of American business, as there is a powerful trust in the United States that exports manufactured baseball players, and we have no tariff wall against them.

When a Canadian city desires to have professional baseball, the owners of the franchise go over to the United States and gather together a number of men who are making their livings by demonstrating the national game of their own country. They assume the name of the city for which they are "playing," though of course the local loyalties of the community mean nothing to them. They will depart as soon as they can demand a higher salary elsewhere, and in the meantime they perform as efficiently as possible, not for the honor of the city, but because they hope some day to receive a better offer from a more important club. Under such an arrangement all the best elements of true sport must of necessity be lacking. A premium is put upon mere victory, no matter how it is attained. Canadians are asked to throw

themselves into a mental attitude in which they can become enthusiastic over a bunch of men who owe their allegiance to another flag and another set of public ideals, and who in return for so much money received are willing to uphold for a season or two the glory (?) of a Canadian city.

The more one examines the characteristics of professional baseball, the more one feels that it is not so much a sport as it is a form of hot weather vaudeville, presented by carefully trained and high priced artists. It cannot possibly develop club feeling or any of the spirit that ought to be found in true sport, but it does amuse large and mentally-relaxed crowds for an afternoon. In all these respects it is like vaudeville. A professional baseball team has been described as a good advertisement. It would be an equally good advertisement to engage Eva Tanguay and Eddie Foy, and to send them through the "big time" vaudeville circuit billed as "The Terrors of Toronto."

Professional baseball will doubtless continue to flourish after the war as it has done in the past. There are thousands of fans in all parts of the Dominion whose idea of sport is to "Let George do it." They will turn out regularly in the future as well as in the past, and the large army of United States citizens who live on this commercialized game can count on drawing regular tribute from this country.

Because professional baseball has continued to prosper in spite of the war, we must not say that Canadians have failed to put aside their sports in the presence of more vital calls. Professional baseball is a recognized form of public entertainment, something quite distinct from a nation's sports. Our hockey leagues, our rugby unions, and our lacrosse associations are part of our national life, and accordingly reflect the waves of feeling in the nation. They have been sharply affected by the war, because they are such a real part of Canada, and the history of the three games must be more or less intertwined with the history of the Dominion. Although our participation in the struggle in Europe has had a very direct and peculiar bearing on hockey, rugby and lacrosse, there is no reason to fear that the effect in the long run will not prove beneficial. At least even the scoffers have seen that these games are in a very genuine way expressions of Canada.

# Money After the War! Why Not?

ONE of the greatest of the delusions of financial theorists, experts, "sharps," or whatever you commonly call them, is that money is scarce and limited in quantity. Of course, I do not mean now that mere machinery of exchange which we usually term "money," but rather those dazzling rows of figures with a dollar mark before them which have precisely the effect of real money. This delusion that there is a limit to the production of this sort of "money" leads to vital mistakes on the part of our financial theorists. They used to tell us that a great European War could not come, because Europe would be bankrupt by it in three weeks. And they proved it by showing us how soon the money would run out. Their calculations were beyond the criticism of a financier like myself, whose notion of "money" is to get a few extra dollars to spend on golf balls. I was dumb before them—but the guns of the War Lords were not. We have had this great war—greater by far than any of us calculated on—and it has gone on for a good many times three weeks; and no one imagines to-day that it can ever be stopped for lack of money. Only lack of men can stop it.

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BUT these financial "sharps" are not discouraged by this little miscalculation—not at all. They now tell us, just as glibly, that Europe will be bankrupt after the war. And they tell us that we cannot possibly levy an indemnity on Germany to re-build Belgium, because she will simply not have the money. Their old delusion that money is scarce still persists; and it is the tap-root of their tree of error. There is lots and bales and loads and oodles of money. The supply is absolutely unlimited. You cannot bankrupt the human race. You cannot even bankrupt any sizeable section of it. When we take Germany down and tear her to pieces and extract the Hohenzollern appendix and crown Sam Hughes on the Unter den Linden, she will not be bankrupt. She will be good for as much money as a statistician can juggle with on a sheet of foolscap. This will be true because she can pledge the credit of her people, which simply means—put a mortgage on their products for the next thirty or forty years.

LOOK how easy it is to raise money! Denmark has three little islands down off the corner of Porto Rico. Most of us had forgotten that they were there. I'll bet Denmark locks the door most nights without knowing whether they are in the house or not. Yet the United States is going to pay Denmark twenty-five million good iron men for them. See how easy Denmark gets that twenty-five million! What has she lost? Every Dane who owned a square yard of land in those islands will continue to own it. Uncle Sam will acquire very little that he could realize on if he were hard pushed—if it were possible to hard push a nation. Yet Denmark can get fortune enough for a dozen millionaires by simply abandoning her claim to a little group of islands she does not want. Obviously if Germany were really hard put to it to raise an indemnity for Belgium, she could get it in a twinkling by selling the valley of the Moselle to France. It ought to be worth about a thousand times as much as those Danish Islands.

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CAPITAL, to be employed in future operations, is something you extract from the future. It is all poppy-cock to pretend that it is stored-up labour of the past. It is nothing of the sort. It is discounted labour of the future. Take a crushed and devastated community which proposes to re-build its homes and its industrial life, and wants to borrow capital for the purpose. What does it do? It goes to a dealer in capital—a banker, let us say—and asks him to give it a credit on his books for so-much, promising to re-pay it out of the fruits of its coming labour within so many years. He simply orders his book-keepers to permit this community, and any of its members authorized by its official representatives, to cheque out money up to the credit granted. A little real money may be handled at times, but most of the business will be done with slips of paper—printed cheques—which the banker can turn out for about ten cents a thousand. The supply of "capital" thus advanced to the community in question, is only limited by the banker's estimate of what that community can earn over and above its living expenses in

forty years. Money! Why, the printing presses can make it by the bushel; and human credit can carry it by the carload.

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NO, Mr. Spectacled Economist, I am not talking "fiat money" or any similar financial folly. I know perfectly well that money in the ordinary sense cannot be manufactured by printing presses; but credit can. And it is credit I am talking about. Credit is not money in hand, but an assessed ability to earn money in the future. When Europe rubs its eyes and comes out of its night-mare, and the cause of liberty and democracy has once more been firmly established, it will want to heal the results of the havoc—re-build its devastated towns and countryside—and it will want money to do it with. What I am saying is simply that there will be lots and loads and bushels of money for that purpose—or for the purpose of paying a whacking German indemnity—or for any other purpose to which a great nation is willing to pledge its credit.

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IT is necessary to say this because a host of calculators are talking as if money was going to be scarce after the war. They talk as if the terrific destruction of "wealth" which has occurred during the war would make capital hard to get after the war. But they are talking about two widely different things—the destroyed wealth is the result of labour expended in the past, whereas the capital we will use for our processes of restoration will be the expected result of labour to be employed in the future. That will not be scarce. Even the frightful casualty lists will not make it scarce; for, in an economic sense, what are five millions or ten millions of the brat in a world of—the statisticians say—a billion and a half? The practical inferences from this are (1) we should not dream of letting Germany off without paying an indemnity under the delusion that she will not have the money; and (2) we should not imagine that there will not be plenty of capital for the development of Canada simply because they will be using a lot of capital in Europe. They will be using their own credit, cashed in, and we will be using our credit.



### Thirty-Five Million in an Hour's Fireworks in New York

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### Hun's Underwater Mine- Layer Caught by British

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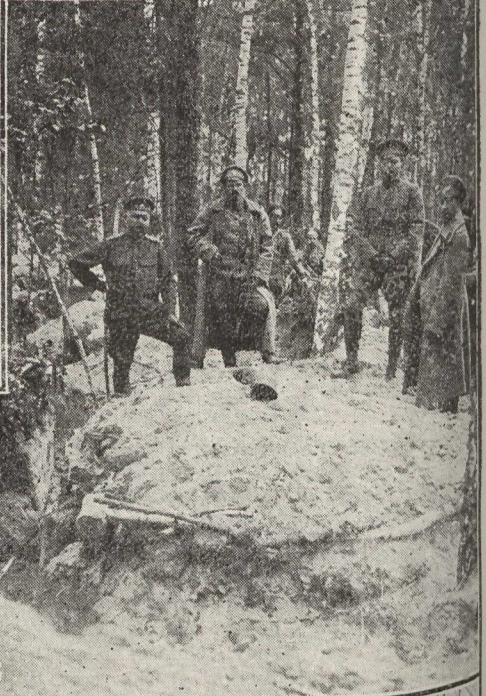
### Czar's Inspector Visits Russian Troops in France

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### Brusiloff's Guns and Battered Austrian Trenches

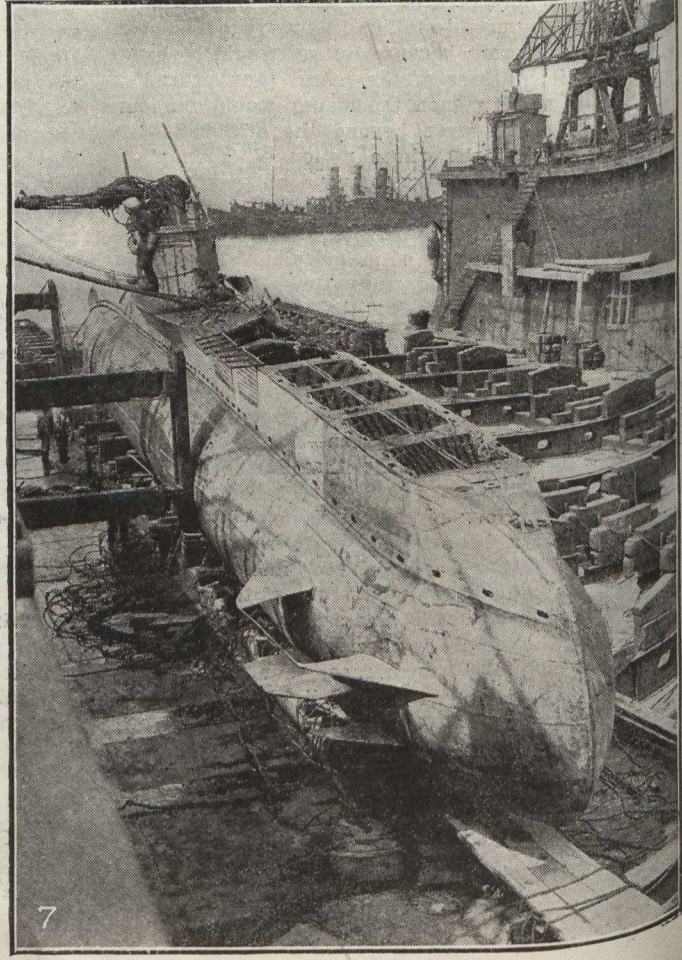
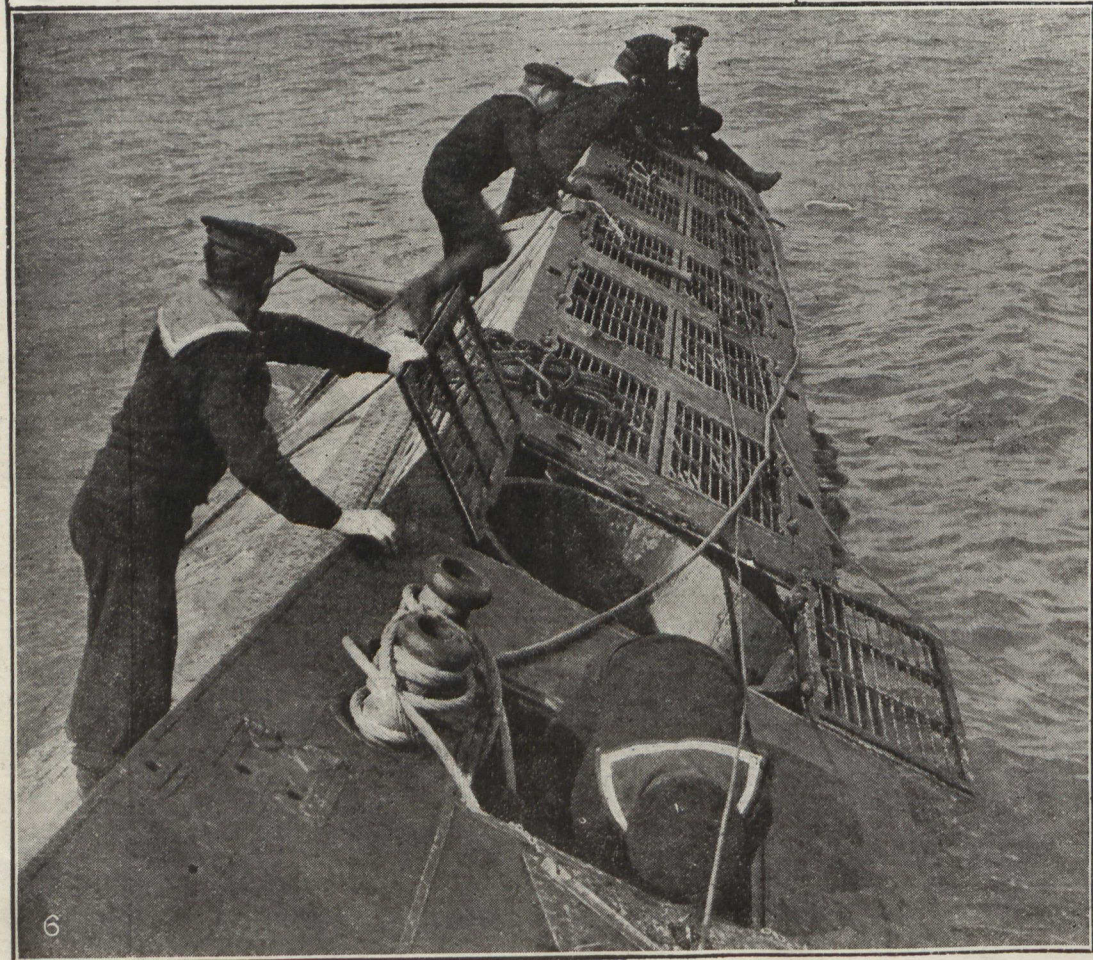
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1 and 3: Freight cars full of explosives burning on a New York siding at Black Tom Island, and how they looked after being riddled by shrapnel and high explosive shells. 2: General Belaieff,



Austrian trench in snow-filled woods on a slope of the Carpathians. It had fallen into Russian hands. On the left is Count Baronoff, chief of staff to Brusiloff. 6: These gratings covered the mines carried by the German U.C. 5. While submerged the crew could open the gratings and let the mines float out. 7: The captured minelayer in dry-dock on the Thames. The Admiralty has arranged to allow the public to visit this latest trophy of British sea gallantry.

Head of the Russian General Staff, sent by the Czar to inspect Russian troops in France. 4: A Russian battery in action against the defenses of Kovel. They are about a mile from the Austrian trenches. 5: An





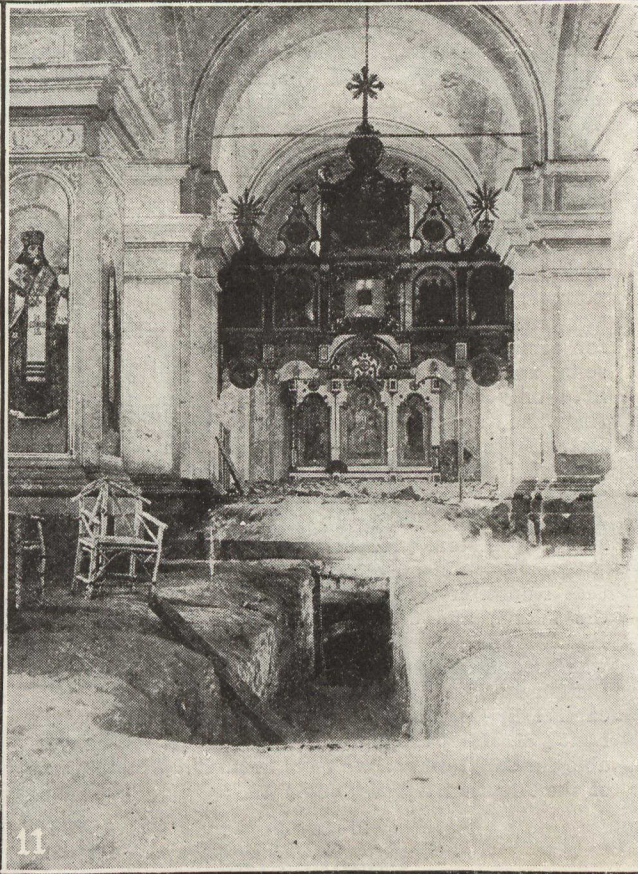
8: Richard Le Galliene, the poet, has allowed his charming young daughter, Eva Le Galliene, to seek a career on the stage. She is now playing the part of the ingenue in "Mr. Lazarus," a Harvey O'Higgins play.



9: A British official photo of our cavalry joining in the offensive in Picardy. Horses and men have long been held in comparative idleness, or doing other than cavalry work. This picture recalls the old days of war.



11: Italian brigades moving into Goritz and following the retreating Austrians have uncovered many picturesque and daring pieces of Austrian engineering.



10: This is the French airman, Guynemer, a sub-lieutenant who has just brought down his tenth German aeroplane. In France he is regarded as a successor to the famous Pegoud—though Pegoud himself can never be forgotten.

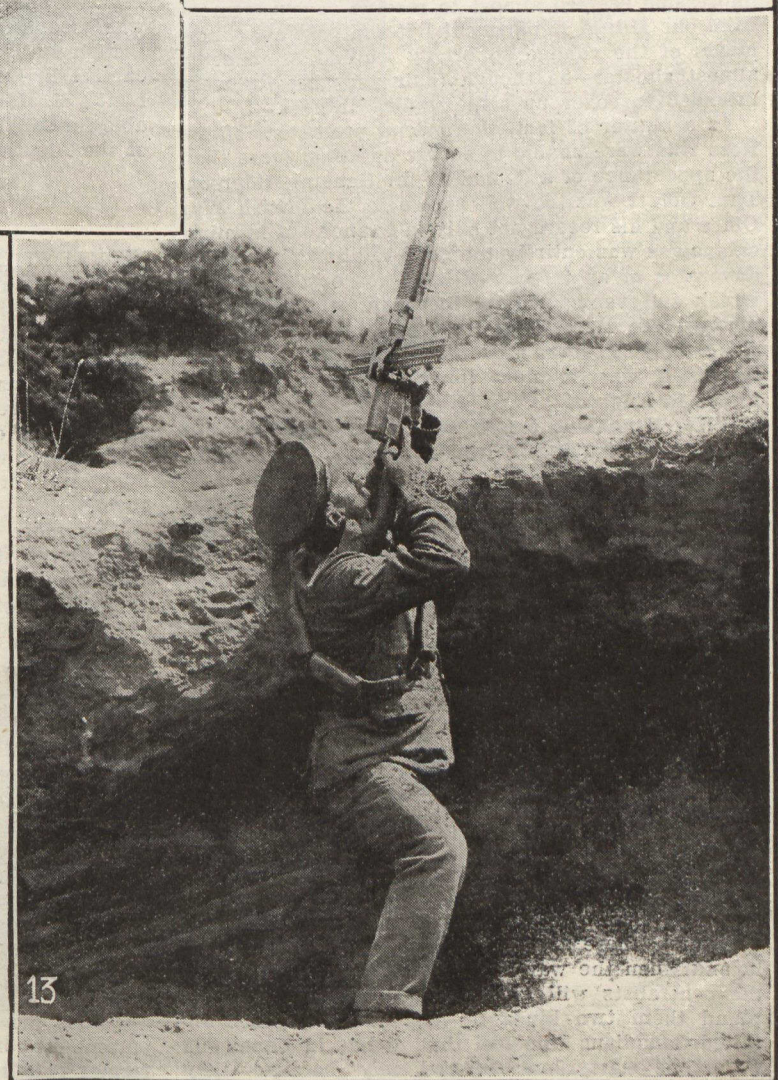
Guynemer has achieved his successes by his clever and daring handling of his machine. He has had innumerable narrow escapes, but so far has succeeded in landing right-side-up and on the allied side of the battle line. It is said of him in Paris that he executes manoeuvres which at an exhibition of fancy flying would bring cheers to every throat, but that are given and taken as a matter of course at the front. "One does not think of death when one is flying and fighting," said this airman to an American correspondent in Paris. "For the sensation of flying is always a tonic—always."

In this picture the entrance to a communication trench is shown under the floor of a church, passing directly under the altar. Prisoners stated that before facing the terrific fire of the Italian artillery, the soldiers would, if given a chance, take time to bow before the half-shattered altar before descending into the trench, and marching out to face fire. Italian officers were puzzled to understand how the church had escaped more damage from the Italian heavy artillery. The Italian privates had, however, no doubts on that score. They believed the church was "protected." This piece of Austrian "subterfuge" enabled them to keep Italian artillery officers guessing for many days.



12: This picture represents the first meeting, or one of the first, between the French troops in the Champagne and the Russians who were landed at Marseilles. The Russians are on the right hand side and the Frenchmen on the left. One man is seen shaking hands with one of the brave strangers.

13: A skillfully-concealed British cavalryman using a Hotchkiss gun against an enemy aeroplane. Though success against aeroplanes requires specially favourable conditions, the gun has, nevertheless, many successes to its credit.





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## Punctured Psychologists

**A**S PSYCHOLOGISTS THE war-makers of the Central Empires have failed. Go back over the various events in this war. Observe how the first plan was to shatter the morale of the French by one swift blow at Paris. Note how, at a dramatic moment, they employed poison-gas machines at Ypres. Consider the effort to break down the spirit of the French by the assault on Verdun; then how they hoped to detach Italy by the fierce Austrian offensive. In everything it is the grand stand play that the Germans seek to put over. They have shown unquestionable capacity for steady, sustained, dogged work, too. But it is psychological effect the Teuton counts on. Just as he sent the Deutschland to Baltimore on a not-very-profitable errand just to "impress" the German-Americans.

But all these thunder-strokes of psychology have won him nothing. He bellowed "Booh!" to frighten us, and to tell the truth we did jump a little, but it frightened nobody that mattered. Now the German has come to the end or very near the end of his box of tricks and the last great surprise he promises us will be his own collapse. Laboratory psychology fails in the open test of war. The German empiricists should note this in their next books.

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## Ross Advocates Failed

**G**ENERAL ALDERSON made no bones about the Ross rifle and its shortcomings. His pronouncement against it was made known to Canadians only a short time before it was announced that the then commander of the Canadians in France was to be succeeded by General Byng, himself proceeding to England to become Inspector General of the Canadian forces. Although nothing was actually said to the effect that General Alderson had been "removed," the impression was fairly general throughout this country that such had been the case. This impression seemed almost to receive encouragement from our Militia Department. It sent out announcements of the change so briefly worded as to seem almost sinister—as though their very brevity were intended to cover up some unpleasantness.

As a matter of fact, the special promoters of the Ross rifle were unable to secure anything more than the appearance of a de-motion for General Alderson. That Officer was too well known to the British War Office and his record not only in France but in other campaigns was entirely too good to allow the peeved advocates of an inferior weapon for our soldiers to wreak full vengeance on the man who had condemned the rifle. The result of their wire-pulling was simply to secure a change of position for General Alderson, who is now Inspector General of our forces in England.

While Canadians cannot but regret that no Canadian seems qualified to lead our men in France, the fact remains that General Alderson was the next best kind of officer to be desired. This may be said without fear of any contradiction. Canadian soldiers—except, perhaps, those with peculiar reasons for supporting the Ross rifle, have all agreed upon that point. They express regret for the loss of the man who commanded them at Ypres, but satisfaction with his promotion to a field of still larger influence. Ottawa's belated repudiation of the Ross rifle, like its more recent abandonment of the ex-"Hon. Colonel" Wesley Allison in another connection, is complete vindication of General Alderson's position.

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## Bridge Building

**M**R. LIONEL CURTIS came, saw, spoke—and went. And the cause of Empire centralization which he came to advertise lies where he found it, as far as Canada is concerned, sleeping. Of course, there are some people very active about it, and when the war is over it is not unlikely that the centralists will give us much trouble, rallying round them two kinds of people: first, those so-called Canadians who feel that to live in Canada is a sort of martyrdom suffered only because they

can't live in England, and softened only by the thought of beating down any British independence of mind that may show itself in Canada; and, second, that simple-minded, sentimental class which exists in every country and which can always be stamped by flag-waving.

But for the present even these two classes of people are too busy to lose sleep over Mr. Curtis's propaganda. As for the real feeling of the country, the sense of the thoughtful Canada-loving Canadians who believe in building whatever Empire is to be built, on sound nationalism rather than unsound rhetoric—these people are for the most part too much interested in the war to interest themselves in the scholarly jingoism of the Curtis school. But after the war this vital element of Canadian public opinion will surely check the exuberant folly of the centralists.

And let no one say that these anti-centralists are not the better Imperialists. They are to the Empire what taciturn masons are to a bridge-in-building. They are concerned deeply with the work in hand to see that it is solid, sound and truly laid, and when invited to quit this work to join, let us say, a spree of speech-making in the offices of a director of the bridge-building concern—they become properly annoyed. These are your true Imperialists.

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## A Nomination

**J**UST 700 MILES south-east of the Island of Ascension, 1,695 miles north-west of Cape Town, and 1,200 miles from Mossamedes (an African port) there lies an area of 47 square miles of the earth's surface. It has a good climate ranging from 68 degrees to 84 degrees in summer and 57 degrees to 70 degrees in winter. It is picturesque and healthy, having hills that run as high as 2,704 feet above the sea. It has an unfriendly coast, offering a landing place at only one point, and having no real harbour of any sort, but it has plenty of streams of fresh water and a number of pleasant walks. In short as a residential island far from the worries of world politics, St. Helena is as ideal to-day as ever it was. We venture, therefore, to nominate it as a residence for certain persons: to wit, Kaiser William, his sons, and all his advisors, military and otherwise, save only Von Tirpitz, for whom some more distinguished end should be devised. We read that St. Helena has been losing trade and population since the introduction of steam vessels made it unnecessary for ships to call there for fresh water and food. The Germans mentioned, might, with a good garrison, help restore prosperity.

One objection only is to be raised. It is the fact that Napoleon spent about six years of his life on the island, and dignified it by his death there in 1821. Napoleon may have been an enemy, but he was also a great man. It has been said that the British authorities of those days dare not land their captive in England for fear the British would cheer him! St. Helena, since Napoleon, seems too honourable for the Germans we have in mind. Possibly one of the Aleutian Islands would do.

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## Counting Up

**E**VERYTHING CONSIDERED we have more to be thankful for than the Americans. We have the bi-lingual problem and the Orange-Catholic problem, and our economic position isn't what it might be. But the Americans have the negro problem, the German-American problem and the Mexican-American problem. What is worse, the Americans as a whole don't worry half as much about their problems as we do. When a country starts to worry about its worries it is on the road to getting rid of them.

Two more points:

We have still a few natural resources left and—we have a hand in the European war. The latter is especially worth the having.

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## The Social Quality

**W**HOEVER RECKONS that the farm labour problems of our future are to be solved merely by dumping ship-loads of the earth's riff-raff on the shore at Halifax and spreading them roughly over the country—is a heavy sleeper. The sooner we recognize that farming is a highly skilled affair, and that farm labourers, to be efficient, must be trained for the work, the sooner we shall leave haphazard methods behind and begin to get maximum returns from our farms. Another point is this: the personality of a factory worker or a bookkeeper count for very little in the factory or office. But on the farm the personal qualities of the "help" are of paramount importance. The average Canadian farmer eats at the same table and sleeps under the

same roof as his hired man. We require, therefore, hired men who won't debase the metal of our rural society.

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## Why?

**H**AS WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, of New York, any friends in the Ottawa Government?

If he has that friend ought to be routed out. If he hasn't why is the New York American allowed to circulate in Canada?

It is rabidly anti-ally and pro-German. It has no business on this side of the line.

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## Killing Curiosity

**W**ONDERFUL HOW WE admire the Greeks of old and how profound is the respect given them by our scholars. Yet Gilbert Hamerton—whose writings deserve more respect than they get, even though he was a bit of an old maid—reminds us that Alcibiade's education consisted of three things: to swim, to read and write, and to play the guitar.

Think of it!

And with such a general education for her "best" youths the Greeks produced books to which this mimicking age still must needs refer.

The Greek boy, thus learned, found out other things by experience. Habits of observation were forced upon him. His day to day problems provoked—Plato and Socrates.

Let no one suppose that swimming, music and the art of reading and writing are enough for our present-day youths. The case of Alcibiades is interesting only for contrast. Our wholesale educational methods glut the intellectual curiosity of the child before that curiosity has a chance to make itself felt. It is only the miraculous survival of natural curiosity that leaves us any original thinkers at all.

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## Poets and Politics

**W**HEN POETS CLIMB THE FENCE into politics, somebody is made miserable. Usually it is the poets.

There are two examples of this: the first is that of the poor Irishmen who led the Irish rebellion—three at least were poets. The second is the case of the Germans. The Germans are not, strictly speaking, poets, but they had acquired a sort of intellectual hyper-sensitiveness allied to the sensitiveness of the poet. They abandoned the fields of music and science in which they had achieved no small distinction, to enter world politics. True their weapon was well forged and bid fair to achieve victory for them, but in countless little ways they erred. And now they face certain defeat.

So with Patrick Pearse, Thomas MacDonagh and Joseph Plunkett, the Irish poet-rebels. They are dead now and deserve only our pity. Like the Germans, they had hyper-sensitive natures. They were egotists as the Germans are egotists. As a famous German remarked, after counting over the virtues of Germans, as he saw them: "Is it any wonder that politically we are asses?" The success of the English in world politics and home politics is not a little to be attributed to an element of stolid, almost stupid, common sense. The English are not poets, but they do wonderfully in their own field so long as they stick to it.

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## Why No Poet?

**H**AVE WE NO CANADIAN poet to sing the song of our Canadians, our men who spend their lives not for a neighbour, as England is to France, but for an ideal. Is there no one to write the epic of our brothers, sons and fathers as Kipling, and Brooke, and Masfield have written for the sons of the British Isles, or is "Good Luck to the Boys of the A-a-l-eyes" the nearest we can come to it?

Masfield's "August, 1914," makes us think of this question:

Yet heard the news, and went discouraged home,  
And brooded by the fire with heavy mind,  
With such dumb loving of the Berkshire loam  
As breaks the dumb hearts of the English kind.

Then sadly rose and left the well-loved Downs,  
And so by ship to sea, and knew no more  
The fields of home, the byres, the market towns,  
Nor the dear outline of the English shore.

But knew the misery of the soaking trench,  
The freezing in the rigging, the despair  
In the revolting second of the wrench  
When the blind soul is flung upon the air.



# AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

EDITED BY ESTELLE M. KERR

## A Camp Borden Canteen

Of inestimable value to our soldiers both at home and abroad is the Young Men's Christian Association, and the ladies' committee are untiring in their zeal in canteens at the various military camps. If the work at Niagara was hot and strenuous, what must it be at Camp Borden! Thousands of quarts of milk are served to the soldiers every day, and other things in proportion—ice cream, buttermilk, sandwiches, cake, pie, biscuits, lemonade, orangeade, all soft drinks, chewing gum, chocolate bars, and everything for five cents! Supplies are sent from Toronto two or three times each day, and the hours are long and the work tiring for ladies unaccustomed to such work. Yet there is no difficulty in obtaining voluntary waitresses twelve at a time, who serve one week.

As a general rule, the soldiers are most courteous to these women, but it is hard to convince them that they work without remuneration. One lady was offered a quarter for herself. She explained that she was not earning her living, and the soldier said:

"Do you mean to say that you are all working like this for nothing? . . . Gee! You should be in Heaven—too good for here!"

THE Y. M. C. A. equipment at Camp Borden consists of a large tent with tables and free writing materials, a large frame building with store-room, kitchen and a hundred feet of counter in front for serving refreshments. A tent continuation with a wooden floor and about thirty ten-foot tables, covered with white oil-cloth, where the men can sit down for refreshments. A portable house is provided for the ladies' committee, containing eight bed-rooms with two camp cots in each room, a nice shower bath with hot and cold water. There is fine water from Artesian wells throughout the camp.

SOLDIERS' wives visiting Camp Borden take great comfort in the Rest Cottage, provided for their use. Here there is a woman in attendance to look after the children or attend to anyone who may be taken ill. There is no sleeping accommodation except for the lady in charge, but if half of the stories we hear of Camp Borden be true, the wash-room with hot and cold water is essential to the comfort of visitors.

NOT only the physical well-being is looked after by the Y. M. C. A. There is a large tent for religious services, concerts, moving pictures, etc., a barber shop with six chairs, an open-air gymnasium, with athletic teacher in attendance—all free. In all, sixty salaried men are employed in the work, and supplies are sent from Toronto two or three times each day.

## Y.W.C.A. Summer Conference

Y. W. C. A., like its brother society, is an abbreviation that needs no elucidation. It is filling a large place in the development of Canadian womanhood, and its summer conference, held at the Elgin House, Muskoka, was attended by 200 people of varying ages, diverse interests and differing forms of belief. The following description is contributed by Isobel Brown:

The keynote of the conference was struck by "The Piper," a pastoral play of marked beauty and delicacy of finish. "The Piper" typified the spirit of the Association. He went about the world breathing fresh inspiration into girls in every walk of life—showing them that the pith and centre of living is Christ and His ideal of love and brotherhood. "The Piper"

enters a great factory, where girls who have lost purpose and vision in their work are toiling endlessly and wearily, but when "The Piper" has charmed them with his magic music, they agree that:

"Earth becomes for us more fair,  
Something new has come to make  
Of our daily work a prayer."

"See it has a glory tint,  
Piper, life is good and fair,  
And we would the secret share."

Next "The Piper" makes his way among the country folk, found living in isolation, without understanding of co-operation, or knowledge of their possibilities. His music fills them with great joy, and they waken to a real sense of their opportunities and responsibilities, and



The Piper, a symbolic figure in the Pastoral Play.



Miss Kanai and Miss Kaufman, two of the secretaries in Japan.



Y. W. C. A. Convention leaving Chapel.

decide to fill their lives with strong music.

"Till the wayside shall ring with songs we sing,  
And joy is awake in everything."

Finally, "The Piper" visits the campus, and calls the college girls to a recognition of the great field of service which lies at their door—they hear clearly:

"Go back and share your gift,  
For freely as you have received, so give."

The final chorus, sung to Beethoven's Hymn of Praise, pictures the womanhood of the world praising God.

DEVOTIONAL meetings, technical sessions, afternoon tramps and boating parties formed a part of the conference. Miss Broad, of Boston, contributed a great fund of practical experience to the city sessions. In a history of Association Work she compared the modern secretary with her forerunner of fifty years ago. The successful secretary of to-day

is a power in her community. She dresses well, and is a good companion, and a prime mover in the social and philanthropic life of her city. About thirty years ago a little girl who was looking out of the window on a rainy day called to her mother, "Oh, here's someone at last!" Then her tone changed. "Don't come, Mother," she said, with all the joy gone out of her voice, "it's only the Young Women's Christian Association." She sighed heavily, for the lean figure beneath a green umbrella was clad in meagre black garments, and wore a countenance of smug complacency.

No, the modern secretary must be essentially adaptable and understanding, capable of taking in conditions, and of fitting in with them. In a southern mill village, the mill-owner had engaged a secretary and a domestic science teacher belonging to the Association, and found the efficiency of the work immensely increased by the added zest and vigour of the girls. One day a woman came into the office of the General Secretary—"Say," she demanded, "be you the elevator of girls in this here town?" After a moment's thought, the secretary replied in the affirmative. "Well," grieved the woman, "what I want to know is—how much will it cost me to have my Tilda and my Jane elevated?"

"One dollar a year is the cost of membership in the Association," replied the secretary.

"You don't know Jane," the woman declared, "it will take more than a dollar to elevate Jane."

At the end of a month the anxious mother of Jane appeared bearing three dollars. "I'll bring more, soon," she declared. "Jane's getting elevated wonderful."

"Wait till the end of the year," the secretary pleaded.

At the close of the year the mother rejoiced in the comfort of a transformed Jane.

Canadian women are called upon, to-day, to show their metal. Our womanhood must stand side by side with the womanhood of the world, and it behooves us, as Canadians, to make the opportunities good, and to show ourselves the self-reliant, self-controlled equals of our sisters of France, of Russia, of Great Britain.

## Munition Workers

WHILE the boys at the front are endeavouring to keep the home fires burning, many gallant women are feeding the fires at the front. A torrent of shells sixty miles long that seldom ceases requires "some feeding," and while the ineligible British workmen are doing their share, it is perhaps the women who best realize the bitterness of that silence of the guns on the front during the first months of the war when ammunition ran short and lives had to pay.

"As to the women," says a superintendent, "they're saving the country. They don't mind what they do. Hours? They work ten and a half, or with overtime, twelve hours a day, seven days a week. At least, that's what they'd like to do. The Government are insisting on one Sunday—or two Sundays—a month off. I don't say they're not right. But the women resent it. We're not tired! they say. And you look at them—they're not tired."

"If I go down to the shed and say, Girls!—there's a bit of work the Government are pushing for—they say they must have—can you get it done? Why, they'll stay and get it done, and then pour out of the works laughing and singing. I can tell you of a

surgical dressing factory near here, where for nearly a year, the women never had a holiday. They simply wouldn't take one. And what'll our men at the front do, if we go holiday-making?

"Last night" (the night of the Zeppelin raid) "the warning came to put out lights. They sat in the dark among the matches, singing, Keep the Home Fires Burning."



Shell-workers in the Women's War Procession in London.



# What's What the World Over

*New Phases of the World's Thinking Recorded in Current Periodicals*

*Reviews Yuan's Work . . . Feeding the Soldier . . . A Light to Kill Germs . . . Conscripting Trade*  
*Why Have Nations? . . . More Health Advice*

## REVIEWS YUAN'S WORK

*British Writer Credits Dead President  
With a Few Virtues*

Yuan Shih-Kai, once established in Peking, manipulated affairs to satisfy his own ends—not without conducting them also, however, with patriotic motives. But while Yuan was working out his schemes and projects serious events took place in the dependencies, observes a writer in the *Edinburg Quarterly*.

For a very long time Mongolia and Tibet had been dissatisfied with Chinese domination, and as soon as the revolution broke out in Southern China these two vast Buddhist territories expelled the Chinese ambans (official representatives) from their capitals and proclaimed independence. Hostilities resulted, and the Chinese troops were worsted repeatedly by Mongol raiders in the north and worthless Tibetan soldiers in the west.

In the case of Mongolia, Russia soon assumed a protectorate, and in that of Tibet, Great Britain took action amounting to the same thing, notifying the Chinese Government that no Chinese troops would be permitted to re-enter Tibet.

The great opportunity for Japan came when the European war began, namely, the chance to attain the dominating position in China, such a position that will in future prevent the break-up of that feeble country and the partitioning of it among the European states. It gave her also—some of her statesmen believed—the opportunity to enhance the power and wealth of Japan to a degree that will make her forever an invincible nation.

Japan is a poor country overtaxed to a pathetic degree to maintain a great army and a navy. Here, at her door, is a territory like another Europe, undeveloped, inhabited by swarming millions of people who cling to ancient inefficient ways. Why not dominate it, develop its wealth, and make soldiers of its stalwart coolies? Japanese officials reasoned with the Chinese and explained that the two peoples were no longer permitted to emigrate to the United States, Australia, or Canada. On the other hand, Britishers and Americans came to China as they pleased. The natural wealth of China was sufficient for both the



THE REFUGEES FROM GHEEL—By Raemaeker. Gheel has a model Asylum for the Insane. On the fall of Antwerp the inmates were conveyed across the border. The cartoon illustrates an incident where a woman, while wheeling a lunatic, herself developed insanity from the scenes she witnessed.

Chinese and the Japanese, but it needed organization, capital, and protection. All these the Japanese could provide.

It was on January 18, 1915, two months after the fall of Tsingtau, that the Japanese Minister in Peking, His Excellency Eki Hioki, appeared before Yuan Shih-kai and presented to the President in person, with little explanation and no warning, the startling list of Japan's demands.

The timorous Chinese Government was terrified, knowing that its army, equipped with a hodge-podge of weapons and to all intents without ammunition, was utterly incapable of opposing the Japanese. Had any Chinese other than Yuan been in power, things would have gone badly for the country, but Yuan is a man of remarkable ability. He was not dismayed. After a few days, he decided upon a course of action which was to save what he could and give the Japanese no excuse for fighting. The demands, if complied with in full, would have meant more than establishing a Japanese protectorate over China. Over the extensive coal and iron mines known as the Han-yeh-ping (from which ore can be brought to the United States at a price which will compete with that of American ore) the Japanese secured permanent control.

They demanded, also, participation in the policing of some of the cities of China (the names and number, undoubtedly with design, were not specified); the right to supply China's army with more than half its munitions; the appointment of supervisors (not advisers) in the Central Government; the right to send Buddhist missionaries to China; and certain railroad concessions. The Chinese were confident that the Buddhist priests would be political agents.

None of these latter demands were granted, but they were tacitly recognized when the Japanese mobilized a part of their army and navy and ordered their citizens out of China.

## FEEDING THE SOLDIER

*How Skilled Cooks Work Out the Diet for an Army*

SITTING in the library of the Royal Colonial Institute, with the vision of a hospital kitchen before him, a writer in the *"United Empire"* writes the following: There is a story—probably there be many—of a rustic who worked the bellows of the organ in a village church, and consequently took chief credit to himself for the rendering of classical melodies the organist produced thereon. In a measure he was right. Without his labours the organ would be dumb. So if a cook, even only a "tempy" cook, claims to have had a share in combating the Teuton hordes, such claim is not without definite foundation. The cook is by no means an unimportant cog in the complex wheels of the war machine—"though I say it as shouldn't."

If every cook cannot actively participate in killing the enemy, all have some share in keeping those who can fighting fit. For death comes not only by bomb, bullet, and bayonet of the Bosche.

The development of food supply, the whole business of transport and commissariat, is not without interest, as it certainly is not without importance. But though one side of it has been exhaustively studied—the side one may sum up with the phrase "First catch your hare"—the remainder, "then cook it," has met with singular neglect.

"The biscuits are hard," is about the most genuine complaint to-day, and the number of "cases" with broken teeth and internal complications bear witness to the fact. "Digestive trouble," Sister briefly sums up the cause of Private Z's melancholy face and tedious sojourn in hospital. "I've 'ad an operation for appendicitis, an' another for chronic intestines in me bowills, an' they want me to 'ave another, but I've 'ad enough of 'em," volunteers a blue-armed warrior. "E's broke all 'is teeth—wored them away eatin' biscuits," a convalescent on crutches, stowing down a hearty meal, remarks of one with no visible injuries who requires "special" diet. Yet the biscuit, as such things go, is very excellent biscuit, but there is no denying the

tooth-resisting qualities that make it almost bullet-proof, and suggest to the frivolous-minded uses never intended to be fulfilled by that important item of the army field ration. Personal experiment discovered that, if hard, it is not tough, and therefore is easy to break, if not bite. But experiment and experience differ. A continual diet may well result in teeth approximating unduly to those in the drift-bedded skulls of prehistoric man.

"We know," remarks a writer in 1860, "what all the armies suffered from bad food during the Crimean War; and, although the British soldier is better supplied than any other in Europe, he is by no means the best fed—simply from defective cooking." Much has been improved since then, and we have the late Lord Kitchener's word for it that during the South African War "the soldier was better fed than in any previous campaign." He is even better fed in this war, but yesterday "an Officer in Egypt" remarks, in an article in *The Times*, that, "the failure to make the best use of materials is what is wrong with army cooking," and proceeds to advise young officers to get their womenfolk to teach them how to cook. The writer displays no profundity of knowledge either of cooking or of womankind—English womankind, that is to say. One gets nearer the root of the evil in advising the womenfolk first to learn, for though a greater percentage can now acquit themselves with some credit in the kitchen than would have been the case a couple of years ago, yet the average standard cannot be said to be what it might, nor even what it ought to be. There is no lack among our women of willingness to serve, nor in ability to seek, but neither suffices without practical knowledge based on experience and experiment, and this is exactly what normal conditions for the majority at home do not give. There is consequently far too much of happy-go-lucky chance, on the lines of the schoolgirl making buns, who put in everything she could think of, and turned out "most lovely toffee."

It is otherwise overseas. Canada, for instance, was far ahead in the scientific training of women as dietitians. Late in the day—very late—we have awakened somewhat to the necessity of special training, and as a result last year nearly two hundred teachers of the London County Council Domestic Economy Centres gave up half their summer holidays



A GERMAN HOLIDAY.

"Please, sir, what is this holiday for?"  
 "Because our Zeppelins have conquered England."  
 "Have they brought us back any bread?"  
 "Don't ask silly questions. Wave your flag."

—L. Raven-Hill, in *Punch*, London.



to instruct soldiers in camp cooking with economy. Colonial troopers from Australia and Canada were among the keenest students. The men were billeted in the schools. At first sundry people were sceptical of the wisdom of this plan, but the men's behaviour was beyond all praise, and their appreciation of the teaching was very great.

**A LIGHT TO KILL GERMS**

*Many Marvellous New Aids to War, by Scientists of Europe*

ACCORDING to Frederick Talbot, the achievements recorded by the scientists during this world war would fill many volumes. A few are given in the following article in the Scientific American:

The longer the war drags its weary way, the more apparent it becomes that the ultimate decision will be vitally influenced by the scientist. In its opening days everything appeared to turn upon the preponderance of brute force represented by trained men. Then came the revelation that artillery, relatively speaking, is more important than men. Now we are discovering that, behind all the varied forces in the field, and in the munition shops, rises another more powerful, more penetrating and more influential force—science!

The scientist will have the last word. At the moment all belligerents are feverishly organizing their scientific resources. Experts in every field of research and experiment are mobilized and urged to redouble their efforts in the common cause.

Many years ago the late Professor Milne devised an ingenious instrument, whereby he was able to obtain a graphic record of an earthquake, and by simple deduction could locate the geographical situation of the centre of the disturbance. But how many people would conceive it possible to adapt the seismograph to the peculiar and exacting requirements of detecting the distance of hostile artillery? Yet this has been achieved.

The new apparatus, which is small and compact, so that it may be carried about readily from place to place, is extremely sensitive. Indeed, it will record a hammer blow upon the ground, and the wave is so distinctive as to enable the cause of the vibration through the earth to be identified. The instrument is set up at a suitable point, and one which is preferably in telephonic communication with the battery, so that, in constant touch with the artillery, intimation can be received when the Austrian guns are fired.

Nor is this all. Each gun and exploding projectile produces its distinctive record, which is as easy to identify as individual hand-writing. By the possession of a record of the Austrian guns and their projectiles it is possible to distinguish them from those of the enemy.

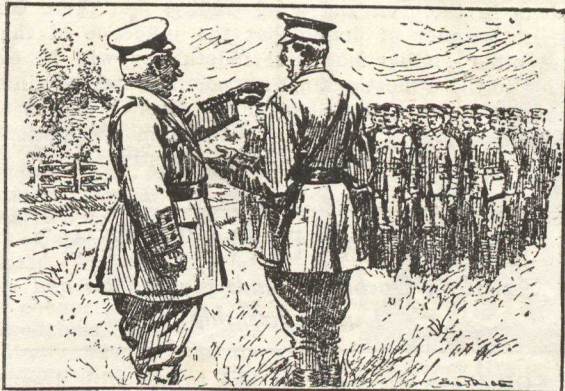
One of the greatest problems confronting the Central Powers at the moment is the discovery of ways and means to remedy the deficiency in their cotton supply, as a result of the British blockade. The first step was to reduce the supply of cotton for the production of textiles. But this became possible only by the presentation of more or less efficient substitutes, in the perfection of which the aid of the scientist was in urgent demand.

In this manner certain forms of paper pulp, lignin and other materials were introduced as a substitute, and their utilization enforced by compulsory methods. Thus lignin has come to be regarded as an efficient substitute for cotton-wool for surgical purposes. Sphagnum moss is another vegetable product which has entered into this field, vast quantities being readily available in Germany.

This moss has established its value as an absorbent for surgical operations and is now being extensively employed. The moss is gathered and exposed to the sun, which not only deprives it of its water content, but also acts as a bleaching agent. Then the latter is cleaned, sterilized, and passed through a certain manufacturing process, emerging from which it is declared to represent an effective substitute for cotton-wool.

But the assiduity of the scientist is not confined to any one of the belligerents. Fertility of thought and inventive ingenuity are not the prerogative of any one Power, although those nations, such as Germany, which, in the past, have devoted so much attention to scientific education and the application of the fruits of discovery in the laboratory to commerce, necessarily occupy a more favourable position. This is where Germany has been able to score up to the present, although her large and industrious scientific army has discovered to its cost that bricks cannot be made without straw.

Both in this country and in France the world of science has been mobilized and has already been suc-



"There's a man talking; give him three days' C.B."  
"Can't, sir, he's a Corporal."

"Then give it to the next man; give it to somebody."

—Drawn by Sid Pride.

cessful in evolving many practical ideas to improve our position.

Striking evidences of the far-reaching work of the scientist are apparent in the fighting zone. Despite the fact that the present constitutes the greatest war in the history of the world, involving such numbers of men as almost baffles comprehension, disease has failed to make any ravages. Yet in every previous campaign more victims have fallen to disease than before the weapons.

Drinking-water is no longer drawn haphazard from surface sources and consumed in its raw condition. It is first subjected to some sterilizing process which ensures the destruction of all noxious germs, while simple yet effective precautions are adopted in connection with its transportation.

When conditions permit, electric light is brought into action, the water intended for consumption being passed in a thin sheet before a lamp of special design shedding a light rich in the ultra-violet rays. Such a light spells death to the germs invariably lurking in water. Consequently the water even when drawn from a river exposed to pollution may be drunk with as much impunity as that tapped 2,000 feet below the earth's surface.

One of the most remarkable conversions to be recorded in the world of medical science is the adoption of the practice of hypnosis. If one had dared to suggest a decade since that this science should have embraced hypnotism for the treatment of certain phases of disease, one would have been laughed to scorn. Hypnotism and quackery were once held to be synonymous in the medical world. But complete conversion is largely attributable to the war.

One of the most perplexing injuries incidental to modern warfare is shell blindness, caused by shock. Two of our leading optical scientists were attracted to the strange situation, and, although neither believed in hypnosis, both considered the field promising for its practice. Forthwith the patient was hypnotized, and he was induced to imagine that he was only temporarily blind and that he could see if he strove to do so. Strange to say, the treatment invariably had the desired effect. When the man awoke from his sleep he was able to see as well as ever. Indeed, in the cases handled by the two above-mentioned scientists the hypnosis treatment has never failed.

It is difficult to realize how medical science would be able to record so many striking and complete triumphs but for the assistance extended by X-rays. Not only have they expedited the work of the surgeons in the hospitals, enabling an injury to be diagnosed speedily and accurately, but time has been saved by enabling the surgeons to attack the injury straightaway.

To-day France is not only meeting her needs in this special field, but is able to supply all the de-



STINGING HIMSELF.

The scorpion is said to sting itself to death when it cannot get through a ring of fire.

—From London Opinion.

mands of her Allies, and that without undue effort. At the moment the requirements of the services are being more than fulfilled, and adequate quantities are produced for public and private hospitals.

No matter from what point of view the subject may be regarded, the part played by the scientist is becoming more and more prominent with each succeeding day. The science forces of the Allies have been completely mobilized, and at the moment are working in complete harmony. The ability to attack a problem from half-a-dozen sides at once is a decided advantage in our favour, for the simple reason that the greater the number, and the more diverse the brilliant minds which can be brought to bear upon an issue, the more likelihood is there of the requisite solution being found in quick time, and advanced to such a stage of perfection as to justify its commercial utilization.

**CONSCRIPTING TRADE**

*Permanent State Control of All Industry in England Discussed*

WILL England be able to do without State regulated industry after this war? Mr. J. H. Harley gives his opinion in the Contemporary Review:

Labour has given of its best, in ungrudging and voluntary service, to bring about the speedy termination of the war. Out of the three million and more workers who comprise the great army of organized Trade Unionists, it has been calculated that nearly half are in the fighting forces, while another extra million are engaged in the making of munitions. Trade Union leaders, whose whole talk before the conflict had been of an industrial union of the workers of every land and nationality, have now recognized the paramount claims of their own country's need, and have not hesitated to appeal from the recruiting platform to the young men of Great Britain to take up arms in defence of their country's liberties.

It is this splendid voluntary enthusiasm of the organized workers that gives all the more significance to the stand which was made before the passing of the Military Service Act against the acme of compulsion involved in what has been called the conscription of industry. There may have been many people who supposed that the suspicions involved in such an attitude were entirely unfounded. Who could imagine or opine that the efforts of the Government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in the throes of a serious and costly war, could be directed to the sole task of stealing a march on the drawn up forces of the great army of Labour?

It was just before the epoch-making war of 1870 and largely owing to the propaganda of the German workers that the Socialist programme of Labour first became connected with a large and authoritative extension of the administrative competencies of the State.

It was in Germany that these authoritative ideas took the deepest root, and then they produced what the Syndicalist theorists have since called the "decomposition of Marxism." They had free scope, and were glorified in the Fatherland because they agreed with all the patriotic movements which were a characteristic of the years following the war.

The first undoubted right and duty of such an authoritative State is to enrol its available manhood for the call of battle. Military necessity familiarizes all men with the thought that the most efficiently organized activities of society can all be directed from above. But what is involved in this paramount military necessity? The railways, for example, are needed for the effective transport of troops. How can the State refrain from laying its hand on the railways?

As a matter of fact, this evident conscription of industry has already been admitted to a very marked degree in both Germany and Austria. The workers employed in the State railways, posts, telegraphs, and telephones, as well as the men employed in municipal water, gas, and similar undertakings, have no right to think of a strike or of federation with any of their fellow workmen in private industries. They must regard themselves as industrial conscripts belonging to a class apart. When a worker rises to a permanent position, he has to take an official oath which immediately separates him from the hole of the pit whence he was dug.

At every stage of his career, the State railway worker of Germany is reminded that he is an industrial conscript. He has to send the bye-laws of any union he may form to be examined by his official superior.

France, Belgium, and Italy are all three conscript





### A GERMAN CARTOONIST'S DREAM.

John Bull: "If I only had the right insect powder for those bugs!"

—From Nebelspalter (Zurich).

countries, and it has already been pointed out that military conscription inevitably lays a people open to industrial conscription as well. France had the latter question thrust upon her after the postal strike of 1909; and as a consequence of the rather critical experience, special penalties were held over the head of postmen who might hereafter in a body quit their employment.

There were five countries—Russia, Roumania, Holland, Belgium, and Italy—which, before the European War, absolutely prohibited the workers in their State services from engaging in a strike. In Russia and Roumania these restrictions were especially comprehensive and far-reaching. Indeed, in these countries they appear to be applied to all the State factories as well.

Industrial conscription, then, though it takes its origin from the familiar spirit of Prussianism, is not entirely confined to the States of the German Empire. It is certain that the instinct of the great mass of organized workers in Great Britain was not very far at fault when they scrutinized very carefully what might be the actual economic consequences of even a partial adoption of the system of military conscription. The varied necessities of modern warfare have carried with them a vast extension of the use of what, during the continuance of the war, are practically State regulated industries. Theatrical costumers toil—not in vain—in the cutting out of khaki; furriers make skin coats, but only for the military. Workers in jewellery turn their attention to the less costly tins for rations. Makers of fancy scarves now sew the shirts for the soldiers. It is true that only a certain number of these new State-regulated industries are put under the Munitions Act, and, therefore, have necessarily applied to them any of these regulations which, as we have seen, emerged into existence in many of the European countries before the war; but unless care be taken and adequate safeguards exacted, the adoption of military conscription inevitably brings with it the danger of the conscription of industry, not only in the industries under the Munitions Courts, but all along the economic line as well.

But what about the critical days when the war is over? Will there not be the inclination, then, to apply some of the strictest tenets of the supporters of industrial conscription? We are much more accustomed now than we were in the days before the war to the swift and summary methods of a bureaucratic State. More Governmental control and a far more searching State interference will be clamorously demanded in many of the fundamental departments of our material life. What is efficient for the war will be efficient for the days after the war. That will be the frequent and the plausible plea.

There are signs that the Labour leaders are perfecting the organization and concentration of their forces so as to be well prepared for any possible troubles ahead. All the voices of discord were effectively hushed for the war, but no undertaking has been given for the period after the war. The great Triple Alliance of the railwaymen, miners, and transport workers has now been firmly cemented, and the London and Provincial Union of Vehicle Workers has quite recently decided to make the alliance quad-

ruple. There are signs of similar industrial movements in the iron and steel trades; and there can be no manner of doubt that the influence of that and other similar powerful federations will be exerted to the utmost against any shortsighted administrator who may attempt in any fashion or degree to naturalize in this country the Prussian assumptions of an undesirable conscription of industry.

## WHY HAVE NATIONS? American Openly Defends Hyphenates and Dual Citizenship

FOR those who may yet like toying with dreams of internationalism and cosmopolitanism, Randolph S. Bourne, in the Atlantic monthly, may be an inspiration. He writes on "Transnationalism," merrily defending "Hyphen-ism" in the United States. He begins by saying that no reverberatory effect of the great war has caused American public opinion more solicitude than the failure of the "melting-pot"; and continues: The failure of the melting-pot, far from closing the great American democratic experiment, means that it has only just begun. Whatever American nationalism turns out to be, we see already that it will have a colour richer and more exciting than our ideal has hitherto encompassed. In a world which has dreamed of internationalism, we find that we have all unawares been building up the first international nation. It is for the American of the younger generation to accept this cosmopolitanism, and carry it along with self-conscious and fruitful purpose.

The contribution of America will be an intellectual internationalism which goes far beyond the mere exchange of scientific ideas and discoveries and the cold recording of facts. It will be an intellectual sympathy which is not satisfied until it has got at the heart of the different cultural expressions, and felt as they feel. It may have immense preferences, but it will make understanding and not indignation its end. Such a sympathy will unite and not divide.

In this effort we may have to accept some form of that dual citizenship which meets with so much articulate horror among us. Dual citizenship we may have to recognize as the rudimentary form of that international citizenship to which, if our words mean anything, we aspire.

Along with dual citizenship we shall have to accept, I think, that free and mobile passage of the immigrant between America and his native land again which now arouses so much prejudice among us. We shall have to accept the immigrant's return for the same reason that we consider justified our own flitting about the earth. To stigmatize the alien who works in America for a few years and returns to his own land, only perhaps to seek American fortune again, is to think in narrow nationalistic terms. It is to ignore the cosmopolitan significance of this migration. It is to ignore the fact that the returning immigrant is often a missionary to an inferior civilization.

Only America, by reason of the unique liberty of opportunity and traditional isolation for which she seems to stand, can lead in this cosmopolitan enterprise. Only the American—and in this category I include the migratory alien who has lived with us and caught the pioneer spirit and a sense of new social vistas—has the chance to become that citizen of the world. America is coming to be, not a nationality, but a trans-nationality, a weaving back and forth, with the other lands, of many threads of all sizes and colours. Any movement which attempts to thwart this weaving, or to dye the fabric any one colour, or disentangle the threads of the strands, is false to this cosmopolitan vision. I do not mean that we shall necessarily glut ourselves with the raw product of humanity. It would be folly to absorb the nations faster than we could weave them. We have no duty either to admit or reject. It is purely a question of expediency. What concerns us is the fact that the strands are here. We must have a policy and an ideal for an actual situation. Our question is, What shall we do with our America? How are we likely to get the more creative America—by confining our imagination to the ideal of the melting-pot, or broadening them to some such cosmopolitan conception as I have been vaguely sketching?

Let us face realistically the America we have around us. Let us work with the forces that are at work. Let us make something of this transnational spirit instead of outlawing it. Already we are living this cosmopolitan America. What we need is everywhere a vivid consciousness of the new ideal. Deliberate headway must be made against

the survivals of the melting-pot ideal for the promise of American life.

We cannot Americanize America worthily by sentimentalizing and moralizing history. When the best schools are expressly renouncing the questionable duty of teaching patriotism by means of history, it is not the time to force shibboleth upon the immigrant. This form of Americanization has been heard because it appealed to the vestiges of our old sentimentalized and moralized patriotism. This has so far held the field as the expression of the new American's new devotion. The inflections of other voices have been drowned. They must be heard. We must see if the lesson of the war has not been for hundreds of these later Americans a vivid realization of what America meant to them as a citizenship in the world. It is the vague historic idealisms which



### RECOVERING BELGIUM.

"When will this — war be over, Bill?"  
"When the 'ole of Belgium is put into these sand bags, that's when." —London Tatler.

have provided the fuel for the European flame. Our American ideal can make no progress until we do away with this romantic gilding of the past.

## MORE HEALTH ADVICE Choose to be Well—And You're Half Way There

A MAN is as healthy as he chooses to be, says a sensible writer in The World's Work. Ninety times in the hundred, health is literally a matter of habit. Some folk instinctively develop habits that preserve their bodily functions in proper condition, where others unconsciously drop into wrong ways of living. But the right ways are now so well known that any man who will take the trouble to learn them, and will use the will power necessary to practise them, may be vigorous and free from pain. Those that have drifted into chronic ill health need the constant guidance of a physician along the path to recovery, but the average man needs chiefly information that is available and the exercise of a little self-control to make and keep him well. Besides these things, he should, of course, consult a good doctor periodically, just as he consults a good dentist; and for the same purpose—in order to detect incipient troubles and to correct them before they mount into serious ills.

To put as much of this universally applicable information as possible before its readers in practical form, The World's Work begins in this number a series of articles on health. "What Can a Fat Man Do?" will be followed by articles for the thin man, the nervous man, the dyspeptic, and others, besides articles on the prevention of pneumonia, typhoid, and other infectious diseases. They will be written from information gained by consulting the best authorities on each subject, and will be in every-day language. Their purpose is to bring home to people the ease of health and the consequent absurdity of illness.



# The Blind Man's Eyes

(Continued from page 5.)

smiled at himself for taking the trouble to make his earlier surmises. More probably the train was being held just for some party on the boat. Going to the chief dispatcher's office to confirm understanding of his orders, he found that Mr. Jarvis had sent simply the curt command, "Number Five will run one hour late." Connery went down to the trainsheds.

The Eastern Express, with its gleaming windows, shining brass and speckless, painted steel, was standing between the sooty, slush-splashed trains which had just struggled in from over the mountain; a dozen passengers, tired of waiting on the warm, cushioned seats of the Pullmans, sauntered up and down beside the cars, commenting on the track-conditions which, apparently, prevented even starting a train on time. Connery looked these over and then got aboard the train and went from observation to express car. Travel was light that trip; in addition to the few on the platform, Connery counted only fourteen passengers on the train. He scrutinized these without satisfaction; all appeared to have arrived at the train long before and to have been waiting. Connery got off and went back to the barrier.

OLD Sammy Seaton, the gateman, stood in his iron coop twirling a punch about his finger. Old Sammy's scheme of sudden wealth—every one has a plan by which at any moment wealth may arrive—was to recognize and apprehend some wrongdoer, or some lost or kidnapped person for whom a great reward would be given. His position at the gate through which must pass most of the people arriving at the great Coast city, or wishing to depart from it, certainly was excellent; and by constant and careful reading of the papers, classifying and memorizing faces, he prepared himself to take advantage of any opportunity. Indeed, in his years at the gate, he had succeeded in no less than seven acknowledged cases in putting the police upon the tracks of persons "wanted"; these, however, happened to be worth only minor rewards. Sammy still awaited his great "strike."

"Any one off on Number Five, Sammy?" Connery questioned carelessly as he approached. Sammy's schemes involved the following of the comings and goings of the great as well as of the "wanted."

Old Sammy shook his head. "What're we holding for?" he whispered. "Ah—for them?"

A couple of station-boys, overloaded with hand-baggage, scurried in from the street; some one shouted for a trunk-truck, and baggagemen ran. A group of people, who evidently had come to the station in covered cars, crowded out to the gate and lined up to pass old Sammy. The gateman straightened importantly and scrutinized each person presenting a ticket. Much of the baggage carried by the boys, and also the trunks rushed by on the trucks, bore foreign hotel and steamship "stickers." Connery observed the label of the Miyaka Hotel, Kioto, leaving visible only the "Bombay" of another below it; others proclaimed "Amoy," "Tonkin," and "Shanghai." This baggage and some of the people, at least, undoubtedly had just landed from the Tamba Maru. Connery inspected with even greater attention the file at the gate and watched old Sammy also as each passed him.

The first of the five in line was a girl—a girl about twenty-two or three, Connery guessed. She was of slightly more than medium height, slender and erect in figure, and with slim, gloved hands. She had the easy, interested air of a person of assured position. She evidently had come to the station in a motor-car which had kept off the sleet, but had let in the wind—a touring-car, possibly, with top up. Her fair cheeks were ruddy and her blue eyes bright; her hair, which was deep brown and abundant, was caught back from her brow, giv-

ing her a more outdoor and boyish look. When Connery first saw her, she seemed to be accompanying the man who now was behind her; but she offered her own ticket for perusal at the gate, and as soon as she was through, she hurried on ahead alone.

Whether or not she had come from the Japanese boat, Connery could not tell; her ticket, at least, disclaimed for her any connection with the foreign baggage-labels, for it was merely the ordinary form calling for transportation from Seattle to Chicago. Connery was certain he did not know her. He noticed that old Sammy had held her at the gate as long as possible, as if hoping to recollect who she might be; but now that she was gone, the gateman gave his attention more closely to the first man—a tall, strongly built man, neither heavy nor light, and with a powerful patrician face. His hair and his moustache, which was clipped short and did not conceal his good mouth, were dark; his brows were black and distinct, but not bushy or unpleasantly thick; his eyes were hidden by smoked glasses such as one wears against a glare of snow.

"Chicago?" old Sammy questioned. Connery knew that it was to draw the voice in reply; but the man barely nodded, took back his ticket—which also was the ordinary form of transportation from Seattle to Chicago—and strode on to the train. Connery found his gaze following this man; the conductor did not know him, nor had old Sammy recognized him; but both were trying to place him. He, unquestionably, was a man to be known, though not more so than many who traveled in the transcontinental trains.

A trim, self-assured man of thirty—his open overcoat showed a cutaway underneath—came past next, proffering the plain Seattle-Chicago ticket.

An Englishman, with red-veined cheeks, fumbling, clumsy fingers and curious, interested eyes, immediately followed. To him, plainly, the majority of the baggage on the trucks belonged; he had "booked" the train at Hong Kong and seemed pleasantly surprised that his tourist ticket was instantly accepted. The name upon the strip, "Henry Standish," corresponded with the "H. S., Nottingham," emblazoned on the luggage.

The remaining man, carrying his own grips, which were not initialed, set them down in the gate and felt in his pocket for his transportation.

This fifth person had appeared suddenly after the line of four had formed in front of old Sammy at the gate; he had taken his place with them only after scrutiny of them and of the station all around. Like the Englishman's, his ticket was a strip which originally had held coupons for the Pacific voyage and some indefinite journey in Asia before; unlike the Englishman's,—and his baggage did not bear the pasters of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha,—the ticket was close to the date when it would have expired. It bore upon the line where the purchaser signed, the name "Philip D. Eaton" in plain, vigorous characters without shading or flourish. An American, an dtoo young to have gained distinction in any of the ordinary ways by which men lift themselves above others, he still made a profound impression upon Connery. There was something about him which said, somehow, that these strips of transportation were taking him home after a long and troublesome absence. He combined, in some strange way, exaltation with weariness. He was, plainly, carefully observant of all that went on about him, even these commonplace formalities connected with taking the train; and Connery felt that it was by premeditation that he was the last to pass the gate.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Different Now.—No more they try to twist the Lion's tail. His foes are now too busy trying to avoid the swing of his paw and the touch of his teeth.





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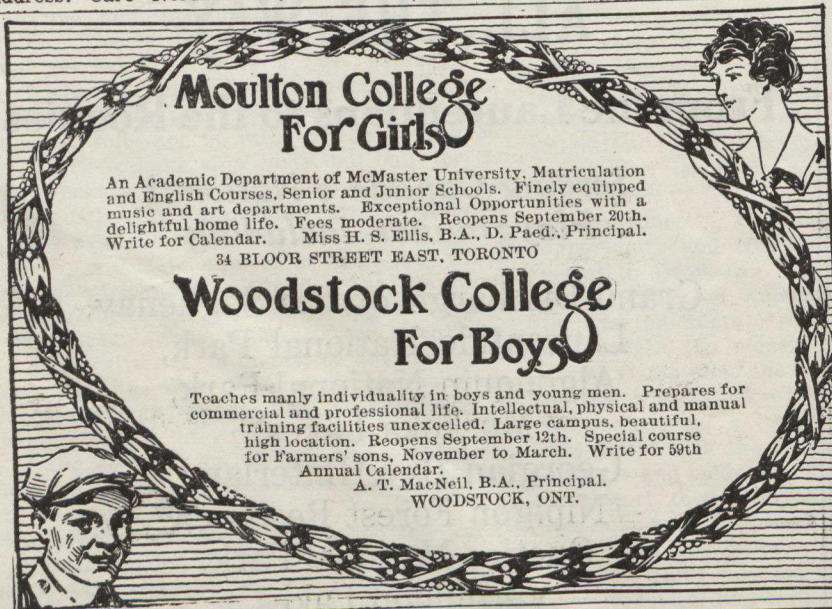
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FOR CALENDAR WRITE REV. F. L. FAREWELL, B.A., PRINCIPAL.



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Calendar sent on application.

## Music and Plays

Sistine Chapel Choir to Visit America.

AN announcement of considerable importance is the advent of the chief soloists of the Sistine Chapel Choir, Rome, who have been granted permission by the Vatican authorities to leave Italy for the first time in the history of the choir and make a concert tour of the United States. The Lyric Concert Company, of 220 Fifth Avenue, New York, will direct the tour. The soloists coming are Alexander Gabrielli, soprano; Luigi Gentili, contralto; Ezio Cecchini, tenor; Mariano Dado, basso, and Albert Cametti, accompanist. Their programme will be devoted to selections from classical opera and modern sacred and secular song. The history of the choir is rather unique. It was founded by St. Sylvester I., whose pontificate lasted from 314 to 337, and its name was derived from Sixtus IV., who built the Capella Sixtina in 1477. The choir was endowed by Gregory I. (the Great), the actual founder of choir singing, and in whose pontificate, which lasted from 590 to 604, the choir began to attract the attention of the then civilized world. It was not, however, until the pontificate of John XIX., 1024-1032, when the monk Guido d'Arrezzo invented the Gamut and laid down the foundation of harmony that the choir began to climb to that eminence of perfection from which it has never receded as a musical organization during 227 of the 260 actual pontificates. When Gregory XI. returned to Rome after the 70 years exile of the Holy See at Avignon, France, the old Gregorian school of singing was amalgamated with the new school and the most eminent singers and composers of Europe made the Schola Cantorum, under which title the choir was endowed, the central seat for the knowledge and cultivation of vocal music. The choir consists of 32 choral chaplains, 8 bassos, 8 tenors, 8 counter-tenors and 8 sopranos and contraltos. The first concert will be given at Carnegie Hall, New York, the third week in September.

Censorship of Pictures Taken in Field.  
(Francis D. Collins, in the August St. Nicholas.)

“A LARGE proportion of the pictures made in the European War are not intended for public exhibition. A rigid censorship is exercised over all photographic work by the governments, exactly as in the case of the mails and printed matter. The films may be developed in the field or in near-by cities, but they are not permitted to leave the country until they have been passed upon. A board of censors sits in a darkened room at headquarters and scans every detail of the movies as they flash past. Should some secret, valuable in the way to the army, be revealed, it is erased or the film is destroyed.

“The presence of the moving-picture men in such numbers at the front does not mean that the governments are going into the show business. The photographs thus secured, at enormous expense, become matters of official record and are of course invaluable. In no previous war has such complete photographic reproduction been possible, and the government officials have been quick to take advantage of the opportunity. It is estimated that upward of ten thousand films have been prepared by the army movie men in Germany alone. They are intended mainly for educational work in the military training schools.”




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# REGINA

## Western Canada's Great Distributing Center

Served as it is by the three great transcontinental railways—the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, and the Grand Trunk Pacific—the Great North Railway System, with running rights over the Grand Trunk Pacific tracks also entering the city—(Regina is to-day recognized as one of the great distributing centres in North America.)

The demand made by the large agricultural population upon the wholesale, distributing and jobbing houses of the city is extremely heavy—enormous quantities of goods being shipped daily—while the distribution of agricultural machinery exceeds probably any other distributing centre.

The city is modern in every respect—owning and operating its own electric light and power, water and street railway system. Regina owns about one thousand acres of land, a large portion of which can be purchased for wholesale, distributing and manufacturing purposes.

A spur-track system has been arranged by which the wholesale district is served by all railways entering the city.

The fact that The Robert Simpson Company, of Toronto, has just completed and opened for business a \$300,000.00 mail-order house, employing several hundred hands, and the Imperial Oil Company have all but completed an oil refining establishment costing one and one-half million dollars, that covers approximately fifty acres of land, and employ a large number of people to supply gasoline and oil products to all the Western Provinces, proves that Regina is the distributing centre of Western Canada.

Regina is the seat of the Government for Saskatchewan—the educational, financial and commercial centre for the Province. A careful study of the above map should help one when deciding where to locate.

A letter to L. T. McDonald, Commissioner of the Board of Trade, Regina, will be answered, giving any further information required.

Regina, Saskatchewan, serves a Railway District of 2,255 miles, with 260 Towns and Villages and a population of 466,666.

In districts Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 5 are two-thirds of the population of the Province, and over two-thirds of the grain of the Province is raised in these four districts. Of the 1,870,123 head of stock in the Province, three-quarters of the total are raised in the above four districts. The figures on this map designate the districts.





# MONEY AND MAGNATES

## Canadian Crop Conditions

**A** GOVERNMENT grain man states that in the past ten days black rust has seriously damaged the wheat crop south of the C.P.R. tracks through Manitoba and Saskatchewan. In a district covering 80 miles, thousands of acres of what were promising fields averaging 30 bushels to the acre, will do well to give 15. Cutting will be general this week.

The Modern Miller of Chicago confirms this report, and says black rust is spreading and 30% of the crop in the Miami district has been infected. So far the principal loss is confined to the district west of the Red River in the southern part of the provinces. The Provincial Department of Agriculture of Manitoba reports contain many pessimistic utterances, but references to rust apply to only 15% to 20% of the total area under spring wheat. Elsewhere conditions are generally good, and considerably better than an average crop is promised.

Conditions in Saskatchewan are not much better, for the Canadian Northern has a crop report, signed by Edward Oliver, acting secretary of statistics for that province, stating that hail storms have destroyed large areas of the crop in various districts in the province. There are slight indications of black rust and a lot of red rust in the south eastern part. Some cutting will commence about the 15th inst., but will not be general until about the 25th. Some wheat ears withered at the tips.

Saskatoon reports heavy losses in district to south of the city; Nokomis says several thousand acres damaged near there; Carlyle reports loss of at least 15,000 acres of wheat in that district on a strip 4 miles by 25 miles; Cowan says \$100,000 damage there. From Alberta, however, we have more cheerful news.

The Canadian Credit Men's Association reports from Calgary that the crop, while it is not as good as a year ago, is greatly above average. Damage from hail is much less than last year at this time. Weather has been fine for some weeks. A feature of business is the large number of automobiles being sold to farmers. On the whole, the crop outlook in the West promises to become more of a stock market factor in the near future. Anticipations of a crop little smaller than last year are hardly likely to be realized, according to the best information now obtainable, and while Manitoba has some damage from rust, this is confined to the southern part of the province, so that sensational stories of general loss on that account may be considerably discounted. Weather conditions are favourable at the moment, and while damage reports will be heard every few days, these are circulated every year and should not receive too much attention.

## Falling Off in Output of Munitions This Summer

**T**HERE has been a material decrease in the production of munitions in the Dominion this summer as compared with a few months ago, the result of the hot weather, which has restricted operations, and of the scarcity of steel, which has interfered with the output. As a result some manufacturers have not been able to meet delivery obligations, and in certain instances rather large penalties have been the result. This factor has undoubtedly been one of the influences tending to depress munition stock here.

Ottawa despatches have stated that the Imperial authorities have made certain changes in the specifications relating to shells, requiring a higher tensile steel than has been used up to this time. So far as can be learned here, this has applied only to a few manufacturers. In the manufacture of the larger sized shells, some difficulties were encountered. It is probable that the authorities have changed the specifications so as to obviate further troubles.

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OTTAWA.

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**CORN FLAKES**

**10¢**

**W**ATCH your alert, keen-eyed, clear-headed business man at breakfast. You never see him eating heavy, soggy foods that clog the body and slow up the mental processes. No, as a rule, he selects some appetizing, easily digested cereal such as Kellogg's, for he knows that these thin, crisp, toasted corn flakes supply all the nourishment that the ordinary body needs without dissipating his energy in digesting and absorbing them.

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes go well with fresh or cooked fruits in place of the usual milk or cream.

The only product made in Canada by  
 The Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Limited  
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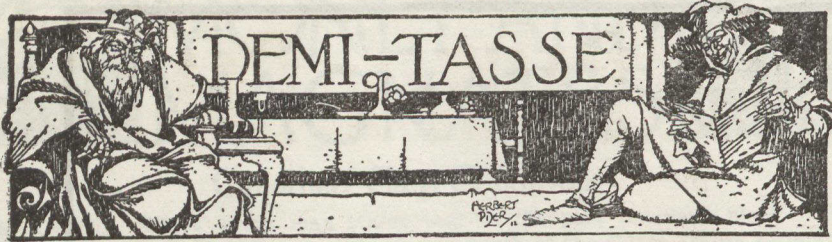
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 Rooms with bath \$1.00 per day up.  
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 Piel's Beer on draught. ORCHESTRA.





**COURIETTES.**

THEY paid \$25 to the man who hanged Casement. No doubt there were many who would have done it gratis.

Some fussy Americans sought to have the Casement sentence suspended, but the knight was suspended instead.

Jack London says he will leave the Socialist party. One wonders whether he should congratulate Jack or the party.

Bernard Shaw has been at it again—villifying dead men, Knox, Calvin, etc. Presbyterians need not be perturbed. To be praised by Shaw is to be shamed.

A husband testified in a divorce trial that his wife threw an alarm clock at him. Then he knew it was time for him to quit.

Detroit has forbidden spooning in the city parks. But love will find a way—and a bench—and a dark corner.

Out in Frisco a chap named Dear has married a girl named Hart. Let's see—Deer—Hart—looks as if Cupid has been pulling something off.

A New Yorker picked a four-leafed clover in a park. He thought himself lucky, but a cop had spied him and he was fined \$3. Now he has no faith in four-leafed clovers.

Mexican soldiers are paid four cents a day. Now it's clear why the country is always in rebellion. The army is over-paid.

Doc. Cook talks of flying to the North Pole, and the world is in favour of him making the trip. Looks like the easiest way of getting rid of him.

Down in Georgia they claim to have discovered the "supergirl." Can they improve on the Georgia peach?

At any rate, the good old-fashioned

arm-filling sort of girl is good enough for us.

**IN THE GAME OF WAR.**

Somehow this war reminds us of a ball game. The Kaiser has changed his base three or four times, and he'll surely be run down on the lines and put out if he doesn't steal home.

**NOTHING LEFT.**

The son of a New Orleans millionaire, bankrupt, blew out the gas and left a note to say that he had nothing left to "blow." The gas was enough. When he blew that he must have felt blue.

**THE ONE WHO FAILED.**

England expected every man to do his duty—and every man did it—except the poet laureate.

**JUST PLAIN KNIVES.**

American consul in Moscow reports that there is a keen demand in Russia for pocket knives. And he does not say that the corkscrew attachment is wanted, either.

**THE TOO-GOOD.**

Rev. J. H. Jowett, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, once said at a dinner:

"Deliver me from the too-good, from the straightlaced, from the bigoted.

"The too-good become hard, narrow and cruel. I know a too-good Sunday-school superintendent who said one Sunday in the course of his usual address:

"Our attendance is very, very good to-day. In fact, we are all here but little Catherine Simmons. All here but little

Catherine! What obstacle has kept our little friend away? Let us hope that she is not well."

**WAR NOTES.**

The debate as to whether the Deutschland is a "he" or a "she" is over. It's a she, and the proof is that it took her so long to say good-bye to Baltimore.

Kitchener said the war would last three years. He is now being justified by the course of events.

Shortage of leather may bring a vogue of wooden shoes. Would that be putting the country on a war footing?

The United States has been asking other countries for so many explanations that soon the Republic will be taking the shape of a question mark.

The war is costing Canada a million dollars a day, they say. Well, if it's well won, it's worth it.

A Hamilton munition maker returned his profits to the Government. What's that you said about Allison?

Things are getting so hot for the Huns now that they are not so awfully keen for "a place in the sun."

We begin to suspect that the Austrian plan is to keep a goodly portion of the Russian army away back guarding Austrian prisoners.

**THE LAST RESORT.**

It is clear that the Huns have reached the last limit of their available manpower. The ten-year-old son of the Crown Prince has been made a lieutenant of the Prussian Guard.

**SAFETY FIRST.**

The Kaiser has issued a statement to his troops to the effect that he greatly regrets that it is impossible under the circumstances for him to fight side by side with his men in the trenches. At the same time the rank and file of the

Huns cannot help noting the fact that Kaiser Bill and all six of his sons have gone unscathed through two years of the world's greatest war.

**SUITABLE.**

For the hot weather antidote you might try to sing "Every Little Movement Has a Perspiration All Its Own," or the ever popular "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

**THE NEWS IN RHYME.**

Along the eastern battle-front  
There's always something doin'—  
The daschund is a puny runt  
Before the Russian bruin.

The union of egg layers.  
Along the west the allied host  
A little further reaches,  
But Kaiser Bill  
Will fight until  
He has run out of speeches.

Sir Sam has gone to London town  
Where rumours have been "rooming"  
That he may smash the Bosches down,  
Amid the battle booming.

Toronto "Tely" prays that Sam  
May kill the German smarty  
With the same ease  
That shook the knees  
Of Borden and his party.

New Jersey has a hen that lays  
Two eggs a day, they tell us,  
Her rooster friends do loudly praise  
But rival hens are jealous.

They frown on such activity  
As shown by two-a-dayers;  
This hen so fine  
May have to join

A marriage ceremony was  
Performed in Esperanto,  
But newly weds can fight as well  
In that tongue—if they want to.

Doc. Cook may to the North Pole fly,  
He says, but shows no hurry;  
We hate to knock,  
But really, Doc,  
D'y'e think that we should worry?

The investigating commission on the  
Titanic disaster has finally brought in its  
report. One of the main points brought  
out is that the ship sank.

**THE FINDING.**

The investigating commission on the Titanic disaster has finally brought in its report. One of the main points brought out is that the ship sank.

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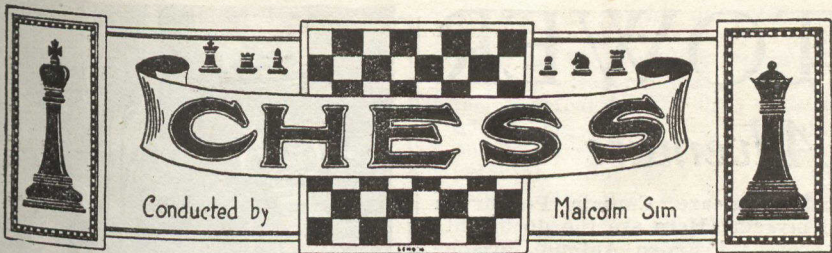
A cool, short, pleasant holiday through inland seas at moderate cost. The Clyde-built greyhounds of the

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with verandah cafe and perfect appointments are as good as Atlantic liners. Express Steamships "Assiniboia" and "Kewatin" leave Port McNicoll every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for Port Arthur and Fort William. Round trip 5 days.

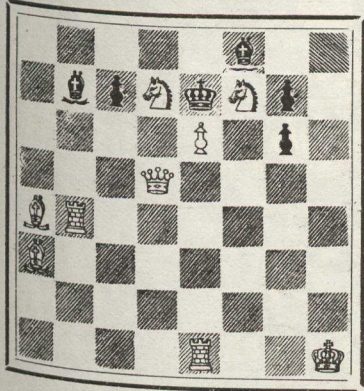
Tickets, information and reservations from Local Agent, or W. B. Howard, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.





Address all correspondence to the Chess Editor, Canadian Courier, 30 Grant St., Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 67, by Frank Janet, Mount Vernon, N.Y. (Specially composed for the "Courier.") A "Pickabish." Black—Six Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.

White to play and mate in two. Problem No. 68, by G. Dehler. Akad. Monatsheft fur Schach, 1911. White: K at QB3; Q at K7; Kts at Q2 and KKt6; P at KB3. Black: K at Q4; Bs at QKtsq and QB3; Kts at QRsq and KBsq; Ps at K4, KB4 and KKt2.

White mates in three. SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 63, by Gunner C. Mansfield. 1. B-R6! B-K6; 2. R-B4 mate. 1. .... BxKtch; 2. R-K5 mate. 1. .... Kt-B5; 2. R-Q5 mate. 1. .... KxKt; 2. Q-Q7 mate. 1. .... threat; 2. RxKt mate.

Problem No. 64, by I. S. Loyd. 1. B-Kt2! K-B5; 2. Kt-Kt4, KxKt; 3. R-B4 mate. 1. .... K-K3; 2. Kt-K7, KxKt; 3. R-K2 mate. 1. .... K-K5; 2. B-Kt3, K-Q6; 3. Kt-B5 mate.

Isaac S. Loyd, an elder brother of the famous Sam Loyd, has to his credit about a score of remarkably fine compositions. We will submit another specimen shortly.

The key-move to the following rather noteworthy problem by N. Hoeg bears comparison with the initial step in W. J. Wood's promotion task published in our commentary, August 5.

White: K at Ksq; B at K6; Kt at KB6; Ps at QR4, QR5 and QB3. Black: K at QB8; R at QKt8; Bs at QR8 and KB4; Ps at QR3, QR7, QKt7, QB7 and K7. Mate in five. 1. B-Kt3! B-K3; 2. Kt-K4, BxB (if 2. .... B else; 3. Kt-B5, B-B5; 4. BxRP, etc.); 3. P-B4! any; 4. Kt-B5, etc. If 1. .... B-K5; 2. Kt-Q7, etc. The threat is 2. Kt-Q5, any; 3. Kt-Kt4, etc. The tries are quite thematic. If 1. B-Q7, B8 or Kt moves, BxB frustrates. BxB follows eventually. If 1. B-B4, then Black delays BxB till his third move. White must decoy the capture on his Kt3.

Then again the main-play in Hoeg's theme smacks somewhat of the Mousetrapp mate by L. N. de Jong. White: K at QKtsq; Rs at QB6 and K6; Ps at Q2, Q3, Kt2 and Kt6. Black: K at QKt6; B at Kt5; Ps at QR5, QR6, QKt5, QKt7 and Q5. Self-mate in three. 1. R-K4, B-K2; 2. KR-K6, etc. 1. .... B-B4; 2. QR-K6, etc. 1. .... B-R4; 2. P-Kt4, etc. Hoeg's problem appeared in the Deutsches Schachblatter, July, 1912, whilst de Jong's is from "More White Rooks," 1911.

Solver's Ladder. First Week. No. 61. No. 62. Total. J. R. Ballantyne ... 2 6 42 R. A. Leduc ... 2 3 29 R. G. Hunter ... 2 0 28 P. W. Pearson ... 2 3 25 J. Kay ... 2 3 25 W. J. Faulkner ... 2 3 5 Solutions of 52 to 55 received from "Yukon," Dawson City, =24 points. Our far-off solver made a wrong claim in No. 55, which cost a point.

CHESS IN GERMANY. A brilliant game played in one of the tournaments between interned Russian civil prisoners of war at Triburg, in which they were joined on this occasion by the Swiss master, Fahrni. Our notes are based upon those by the winner, in the British Chess Magazine. White. 1. Fahrni. 1. P-K4 2. Kt-KB3 3. B-K5 4. P-Q3 (a) 5. P-KR3 6. Kt-B3

- 7. B-K3 8. Castles 9. B-R4 (b) 10. B-Kt3 11. Kt-K2 12. P-B3 13. B-Kt5 (c) 14. PxKt (d) 15. P-B4 (e) 16. B-Q2 17. Kt-Kt3 18. K-R2 19. Kt-Ksq 20. P-B3 21. R-R2 22. Kt-B2 23. Q-Rsq (j) 24. Kt-Rsq 25. B-B3 (k) 26. Q-Qsq (m) 27. Q-K2 28. Kt-B2 29. R-KRsq 30. P-QKt4 31. RxP (p) 32. PxR 33. B-Q2 34. P-Q4 (q) 35. PxKP 36. P-QKt3 37. RXP 38. K-Ktsqch 39. Kt-Ksq 40. Kt(B2)-Q3 (t) 41. K-Bsq (v) 42. RxKt 43. Q-B2 44. K-K2 45. PxP 46. Kt-B3 47. KtxQBP 48. BxKtP 49. B-Q2

White resigns. (a) We prefer 4. Castles, or the more aggressive 4. P-Q4. (b) BxKt seems preferable. Now Black forces the exchange and meanwhile improves his position. (c) If 13. B-B2, Black seizes the initiative by 13. .... P-Q4. (d) If 14. QxKt, then again 14. .... B-K3, followed by P-Q4. (e) This advance, a compromising one, is the direct result of his delicate Pawn position. (f) Intending 19. .... P-Kt3, followed by P-B4 and P-B5. (g) Necessary to prevent White opening up by P-B4. (h) 20. .... P-B4 at once should have been played. Black attempts to avoid, by this manoeuvre, the resulting exchange of his Bishop for the Knight. (i) Black intended 22. .... Kt-K2 here, as the prelude to the advance of his Bishop's Pawn, but then would follow 23. Kt-R5, B-Kt2; 24. P-KKt4, and the play is completely obstructed. (j) This is altogether wrong. 23. Px BP, BxKBP; 24. KtXB, QxKt; 25. Q-K2, followed by 26. Kt-K3, should have been played. (k) Of course if 25. RxP, then follows 25. .... RxR; 26. QxR, PxP!

(l) White threatened 26. RxP. (m) White is now reduced to a passive role, and Black proceeds with his interrupted attack. (n) Intending to double his Rooks. He should first have sealed the Queen's wing by P-QKt5. White now attempts a counter-attack. (o) This move stops White's enterprise, but at the cost of exchanging Rooks, whereas the Black Rook was indispensable to reinforce the pressure on his adversary's King. (p) 31. PxRP or BP loses a piece by the advance of Black's Queen's Knight's Pawn. On the other hand, 31. KR-QRsq is dangerous, on account of 31. .... P-KKt5. (q) A new attempt to obtain some mobility, which does not, however, improve White's game much. (r) 34. .... KPxB is feasible, but Black wishes to avoid complications in the centre. If, in reply, 35. P-K5, then 35. .... PxP; 36. QxP, Kt-Q2 or Q-B3. (s) The final assault now commences. (t) 40. PxP, BxP; 41. KtXB, RxKt; 42. Q-Q3 would have prolonged the resistance. Black would then aim at the weak Pawns on K4 and Kt3. (u) A double-edged move, defending the King's Pawn and threatening Kt-R4, which White probably overlooked. (v) If 41. KtxQBP, then 41. .... Q-QR2; 42. Kt-Q3, Kt-Q2. Or 42. .... PxP; 43. QxP, R-Kt6; 44. Q-K2, RxKt winning easily. 41. BxBP, etc., was the best means to prolong the resistance. (w) Threatening P-Kt6. (x) 47. .... QBxKtch; 48. QxB (if 48. KxB, then 48. .... Q-R4ch; 49. P-Kt4, PxP e.p. ch; 50. KxP, Q-R6 mate), BxKt wins a piece, but the text-move leads to mating positions. (y) A remarkably fine finishing combination.

Correspondence League. The Canadian branch of the "Chess Amateur Correspondence League" has been established under the management of Mr. C. F. Davie, of Room 203 Pemberton Building, Fort street, Victoria, British Columbia, (P. O. Address is Drawer 783), with whom any players interested in correspondence chess are invited to communicate.

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# THE LADY OF THE TOWER

## A Continued Story of Romantic Adventure

CHAPTER XXV.

By HEADON HILL

## Judgment.

WITH a sinking tremor at his heart, such as he had never felt in the wildest weather at sea, Lance Pengarvan from the dock faced the benevolent-looking old gentleman in the scarlet robes. Every sentence that dropped in hushed yet clearly audible tones seemed to be shaping into a component part of the last dread sentence which that cultured voice would presently have to pronounce. For the judge was summing up, and summing up dead against him. So black was the case being made against him that Lance wondered how his mother and Hilda could still believe in his innocence. If he had not known that he was not the slayer of Wilson Polgleaze, or of Jacob either, he would almost have thought himself guilty.

The telegram sent to St. Runan's at the close of the first day had given a correct idea of the way the trial was going. The worst was certainly to be expected. The letter found on the dead man's body, and the evidence of Mr. Simon Trehawke as to the prisoner's call at his office, were weapons which the counsel for the Crown wielded with crushing effect. As that eminent K.C. remarked as he sat down after his opening speech, he should prove both motive and opportunity.

From the mouth of his witnesses he proceeded to do so in masterly fashion, marshalling the data of Superintendent Grylls into an unanswerable indictment compared to which the police court allegations had been but as water unto wine.

Lance's counsel, a leading barrister on the Western Circuit, did his best to counteract the obvious effect on the jury by a scathing cross-examination of Simon Trehawke. It had plainly been inspired by his client and was intended, by discrediting the deformed attorney's story of the prisoner's call at his office, to show that Lance had not gone out to St. Runan's in order to waylay the deceased, but to see his mother and his fiancée after his long voyage. But Mr. Simon Trehawke refused to be shaken. He met the subtle questions with equal subtlety, sticking to his assertion that Captain Pengarvan had called upon him to learn the whereabouts of Wilson Polgleaze, and that to the best of his ability he had informed him.

The only point that counsel for the defence was able to score was that supposing the accused had been aware that the deceased had gone to St. Runan's he could not possibly have known that his intended victim had stopped at the inn, and that he was ahead of him when, as the prosecution alleged, he lay in wait for him at the road-side. The Crown prosecutor promptly neutralized the argument by calling a witness to prove that there was a long plate glass front to the bar at the inn, through which persons standing at the counter were plainly visible to passers-by.

After this it was generally expected that the prisoner himself would be called to rebut Trehawke's evidence, and possibly to deny that he had ever seen the incriminating letter from Polgleaze, senior. But counsel did not put him in the box, and the inference that he would not submit himself to cross-examination on that point, as well as on the secret shipment of arms, created the worst impression. The clever barrister made an impassioned appeal, but it was plain that he was fighting with his hands tied. The prisoner's refusal to defend himself had robbed his eloquence of its fire and reduced it to the dull embers of artifice.

And now those gentle words, at once soft as silk and sharp as dagger thrusts, in clear Saxon English, suited

to the twelve good men and true in the jury box, were dropping from the affable old man under the Royal Arms. Lance found himself staring at the unicorn in the stately emblem, idly wondering if it had ever had a prototype in real life, and if so if it really had only one horn. Yes, certainly that silver-tongued septuagenarian was going to hang him, and from watching the unicorn he turned to watching the judge with a horrible fascination, as a lamb might watch a boa constrictor about to swallow it. So terribly damning, and yet so ridiculously untrue were the things being said about him that he kept his eyes averted from that part of the gallery where his mother and Hilda were sitting. A sight of their anguish would have been the thing too much.

Suddenly his attention was diverted. One of the ushers sidled along the barrister's seats and handed a folded paper to the defending counsel. The latter read the communication with a bewildered frown quickly changing to alert comprehension. He was on his feet in an instant, treading softly in the wake of the usher to the baize-curtained doorway, through which he disappeared. What could have happened? The learned gentleman, having lost interest in him, was summoned to consult over another brief, Lance thought bitterly.

BUT no. Two minutes passed, during which the tinkling stream from the bench flowed steadily on, and then the counsel slipped back into his place. But he did not sit down. Fingering the lapels of his gown, he drew the judge's attention by a respectful cough.

"What is it, Mr. Bellamy?" asked the judge. "Even at the eleventh hour I will hear any point you may wish to raise in the prisoner's favour—of you think it worth while."

"I wouldn't interrupt your lordship if I didn't think so," was the quick rejoinder. "I have two new witnesses, who only to-day reached England from abroad. They have hurried from Plymouth to tender their evidence. It puts an entirely fresh complexion on the case, and will entitle me to ask for the prisoner's instant acquittal. I assure your lordship that this is most important."

"Very well," the judge assented. "We will hear these witnesses, and I hope that they will not waste our time."

Like one in a dream Lance watched the doorway, and the warders at his side had to spring to his assistance when through the folds of the red curtain there emerged into view Antonio Diaz and Billy Craze. The South American gave him a friendly nod, while his ex-cabin-boy greeted his former captain with a sheepish grin. Lance recovered himself in a moment. Above all other considerations the joyful fact stood out that dear old Tony had not fallen in battle after all. For the first time he let his gaze stray to the gallery. Hilda and his mother were waving their hands to him, their strained eyes were shining.

"I call Antonio Diaz," said Mr. Bellamy with curt confidence.

The Senor stepped into the box, and in a few minutes made hash of the letter purporting to be signed by Jacob Polgleaze, and to dismiss the captain of "The Lodestar." The letter was on the face of it a forgery, for the simple reason that the shipment of guns from St. Runan's Tower had been arranged with the full knowledge and approval of the head of the firm of Polgleaze and Son for the benefit of the firm.

"The old man did not trust his junior partner, so the affair was managed entirely between us three—Mr.

Jacob Polgleaze, Captain Pengarvan and myself. Here are the documents to prove it," added Antonio, producing a sheaf of correspondence, which was passed to counsel, and thence to the jury.

The Crown counsel put a few questions, but they elicited only that the witness was the son of a former President of the Republic of Guyaca, and that he had been engaged in a revolution which had cost his father his life.

"I am sorry to break the laws of a country that I love, but if you make such good guns what was there to do?" Senor Diaz protested with charming naivety. "And after all they did no harm. The guns are at the bottom of the sea. The navy of Guyaca saw to that."

"This is irrelevant; let us have the other witness," said the judge, and there was a gleam behind his spectacles belying the sternness of his tone.

Billy Craze scrambled into the box, and by his first answer electrified the court.

"You saw Mr. Jacob Polgleaze murdered, I believe?" was the question put to him.

"I did, sir."

"Who was the murderer?"

"The old governor's son, Wilson," replied the boy promptly.

"How did you come to be present?" counsel inquired when the sensation that stirred the court had subsided.

"I had come ashore with the captain, and I wanted to speak to him about one of the errands I was to do. I knew where he was, so I went through the shop and upstairs to the office. Outside the door I stopped, because there was no sound, and I didn't want to show up if the captain had gone. There was a screen across the door, and to make sure I peeped round it. Wilson was just sticking a knife into the old man's back. It turned me that sick I didn't rightly know what I was doing for a bit, and when I got down to the quay 'The Lodestar' was gone."

"And why did you not accuse Wilson Polgleaze—inform the police?"

"I was frightened, sir. You'd have been frightened of that cruel devil yourself if you'd seen what I saw," replied Billy. Then, waxing conversational, he went on: "'Twas like this, sir, I'd missed the ship, and Captain Pengarvan had gone in her. There wasn't anyone to back me up and protect me. I'm only a little chap, and I was afraid of what Mr. Wilson might do if I got talking. So I says to myself I'll lay low and keep my mouth shut till the captain is home again. Then he'll see me safe."

COUNSEL for the defence sat down, and the Crown prosecutor rose.

He knew that his case was lost, and, perhaps, being a good fellow, he was not sorry that it should be so. But professional instinct could not be resisted. He thought he had found a flaw in the witness's armour.

"If your story is true," he said, "I can understand that you would shrink from an unsupported conflict with Mr. Wilson Polgleaze till you had your captain's protection. But Captain Pengarvan has been home for some weeks, and Wilson having been killed on the day of his return there has been no question of the fear you mention. Yet you have allowed your captain to come perilously near the gallows without tendering this information. How do you account for that?"

Billy's eyes twinkled. "Because Wilson Polgleaze and his lawyer—a game-legged swab called Trehawke—had me shanghaied and put aboard another of his ships that was sunk in mid-ocean," he replied. "Black Sambo, the nigger that helped to kidnap me, is outside, and will swear that I'm telling you true."

The learned K. C. seated himself



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amid a titter at his discomfiture, but he had the grace to shake a friendly finger at the youthful author of his undoing. Superintendent Grylls, suffering defeat for the first time in his honourable career, had to hold his portly sides to stop an explosion of laughter. But he was not to be caught napping for long, and he turned a wary glance towards Mr. Simon Trehawke, who was looking unutterable things from his seat at the solicitor's table. There was no chance of the helpless perjurer eluding arrest, and Mr. Grylls settled himself to enjoy the grand finale of his first and only murder case.

It came swiftly enough now, after a few honied phrases from the scarlet autocrat under the Royal Arms, in the verdict with which a smiling jury set Lance Pengarvan free.

CHAPTER XXVI.  
Fair Anchorage.

THE brave west wind whistled round the hoary pile of St. Runan's Tower, but in the raftered hall there reigned peace and the joy of a great contentment. All those who had been so sorely tried by the sinister influence arrayed against them were ranged round the driftwood fire on the cavernous hearth. Even Marigold Craze was there, petted and made much of for her gallant effort, happily rendered unnecessary, to save an innocent man at the expense of her dead father's memory and her own good name. Antonio Diaz had seen her fall, and his strong arms had quickly borne her out of the crush.

It was very late, for they had only reached Falmouth by the last train, but they paid no heed to time. During the journey home the absorbing theme had been the trial and the crime on which it really hinged—the murder of Jacob Polgleaze by his son with the dual object of hastening his inheritance and implicating Lance. And Marigold had had to falter the story of Nathan Craze's dying confession into the sympathetic ears of Hilda and Mrs. Pengarvan. But now Diaz and Billy were called upon to supplement the bare facts they had stated in court, with fuller explanations of their appearance in the nick of time.

The Diaz who had fallen in the battle of the mountains of Guyaca was, it transpired, Antonio's father, and Lance had been misled by a wrongly worded dispatch. The cause for which he had wrought strenuously being lost, Antonio, after many hair-breadth escapes, had realized what property he could and, shaking the dust of his native country from his feet, had embarked for England. The mail steamer in which he took passage was the liner which had met the "Ecuador" in mid-Atlantic, and had given the villainous skipper the cue to carry out his instructions and scuttle his ship.

Billy's story was equally simple. They were in the mood for laughter now and, told with the flickering fire-light on his impish face, the climax made them roar.

"There wasn't much to do," he concluded, when he had led them up to the crucial moment in the hold. "Soon as the skipper pulled the bung out I shoved it back—directly he'd clomb on deck. She hadn't shipped more'n a bucketful when I got the bung back. Then they went away in the boats, but nat'rally the ship didn't sink, and the steamer sent her own boat and took me off."

"The face of that same skipper was a picture when this young monkey was brought aboard the liner," said Antonio. "Our captain promptly clapped Andrews and his mate in irons, and we towed the 'Ecuador' to Plymouth. The two scoundrels were handed over to the police this morning, and it was thought that they'd get it hot. And now that Billy and I have reported ourselves there's one question I want to ask you, Lance. Why on earth didn't you defend yourself by revealing old Jacob's complicity in the secret shipment?"

"I couldn't have proved it without



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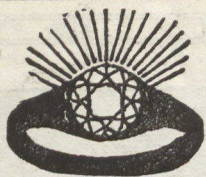


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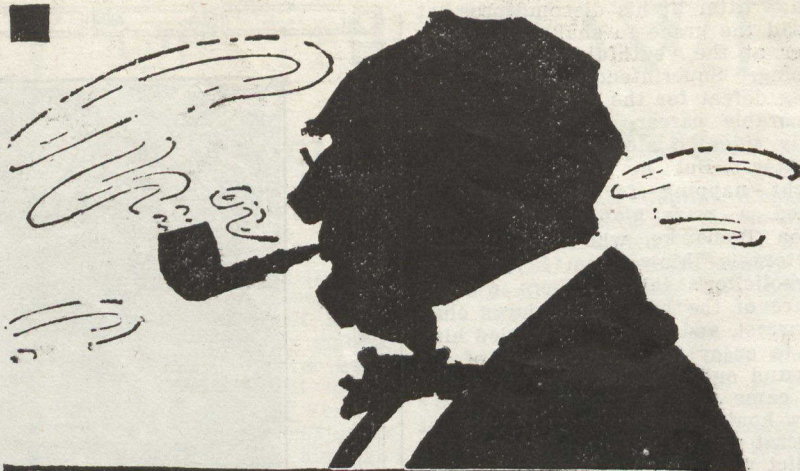
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your co-operation," replied Lance evasively, after a few puffs at his pipe.

"Perhaps not, but at least it was true and it might have helped you," persisted Diaz.

"Well," said Lance, looking supremely uncomfortable, and speaking with unaccustomed shyness, "it would have been giving my owners away, you see. It is an unwritten law with men of my trade not to round on owners, no matter what happens."

They all stared at the late captain of "The Lodestar" in admiring wonder. It was the South American who voiced the general sentiment.

"You English!" he exclaimed. "Of all the mad quixotism! Both your owners were dead, and one of them had plotted your ruin, yet you hold yourself bound by this absurd loyalty at the imminent risk of being hanged for it. I am going to live in this country henceforth, but I do not think I shall be able to live up to it."

"Shut up, Tony," Lance adjured his friend. "You would have done the same yourself if you had been in my place."

There was a short silence, and then the mercurial southerner relieved the modest sailor's embarrassment by a swift change of subject.

"And now, Miss Carlyon," he went on briskly, "Lance is to me as a brother, and you therefore, if you will permit, will soon be to me a sister. You will acquit me of idle curiosity. How stands this dear old home of yours financially? There were whispers when I was here last that rats had eaten into its foundations."

"The rats have been very busy, Senor Diaz, but in these last days I had clean forgotten them in the greater trouble," said Hilda. "Now that you recall it I believe that in ten days from now I shall be a homeless vagabond. The Tower will be no longer mine."

And she told how the mortgage had been assigned to Simon Trehawke, who had given notice of foreclosure.

"I must be satisfied with the consolation that he has thrown good money after bad," she smiled. "He evidently induced that wretched creature to assign the mortgage to him on the strength of an old rumour that there was copper in the cliff."

She went on to describe her meeting with Trehawke on the beach, in the company of a man whom Timothy Pascoe had since discovered to be a drunken mining engineer, discharged by every mining company in the county, but supposed to be an expert, and clever in his rare intervals of sobriety.

DIAZ laughed that melodious laugh of his, full of the joy of life. "Did this bibulous expert show signs of having succeeded in his quest?" he asked.

"No; Mr. Trehawke was in a very bad temper, and I think that they had been disappointed," Hilda replied, wondering what was in store—Antonio was smiling so strangely.

He waited until he had gathered all eyes to him, and then he said: "My dear Miss Carlyon—or let me celebrate this occasion by beginning to call you Hilda—the cliff is full of copper. Reeks of it, if that is the right word. I found the outcrop by chance three months ago, on the morning when I first met Miss Marigold. I kept the knowledge to myself, because my whole soul was wrapped up in the shipment of the guns, and mining experiments under your windows would not have suited me then."

"You are sure of this?" cried Lance. "Absolutely. In my own country I possessed three copper mines. It is not possible that I could be mistaken."

"Then all I can say is that it was jolly thoughtless of you, old man," said Lance in playful reproach. "What use would your discovery have been if you had really got yourself killed?"

"I know, but you see I had no intention of being killed," Diaz rejoined. "It did not so much as cross my mind. But I admit my error, and you dear people can only make me happy by allowing me to atone for it. I pro-

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pose to pay off the mortgage of that thieving perjurer, and take my repayment from the profits when the mine is developed. Now, Hilda, to show how I have mastered the language of my adopted country, let me tell you in plain English what you should say to me."

"What is it? I will say it if I can," Hilda replied, her eyes shining.

"You should say that you accept my offer in the spirit in which it is made," replied Diaz whimsically. "A hackneyed but, I hope with all my heart, an appropriate phrase."

Laughing and crying at the same time, the Lady of the Tower made answer: "You shall have your hackneyed phrase flung back at you, tried friend and true, the moment you satisfy me that the copper is there."

IN the morning they all trooped down to the cove, and Antonio Diaz gave a short demonstration in practical mining which convinced Hilda of the value of her possessions. Within twenty-four hours the mortgage was paid off—to the bitter rage of Simon Trehawke, who later in the day had something else to think about in his arrest by Mr. Grylls on a charge of perjury. At the time of writing there are several months of his sentence to run.

As for the others whose fortunes we have followed through half a year of stormy days, calm has succeeded tempest for them. Lance and his wife and mother dwell together in the ancient eyrie on the cliff, while in the caverns below brawny men, contented and well-cared for, pick out the ore which sets them free from care.

Antonio Diaz and Marigold Craze? you will ask. Well, a new house has risen on the opposite headland, near the ruined hut where Billy sheltered on the morning after "The Lodestar" sailed. And Antonio and Marigold live in that house, and are as happy as the day is long. Antonio has changed his surname to Day, Christian name Anthony, and is quite the English country gentleman in breeches and gaiters.

Billy, by Lance Pengarvan's influence, has blossomed into a brass-buttoned apprentice on a mail steamer, and is confident that as soon as age permits he will pass his examination for third mate. Already in his dreams he paces a very lofty bridge as captain of the latest leviathan of his line.

As to the money of old Jacob Polgleaze, it has gone, for lack of kin, to swell the revenues of the Duchy; which means that most of it will trickle back to the community from which it was wrung.

THE END.

Democratic Army.—H. E. Gresham, the British consul of Cleveland, said the other day:

"In the British volunteer army a democratic spirit prevails. Yes, this spirit prevails among the most aristocratic regiments.

"It is said that a company of the sportsmen's regiment was being drilled in New Forest. The sergeant, an elderly stableman, said to one of the young recruits, who happened to be the brother of an earl:

"Head up, Montaigne!" (So he pronounced the name). "Head up, chest out, shoulders back!"

"My name isn't Montaigne—it's Montague," said the young man.

"Very good, Montague," said the sergeant. "For speaking up like that you can just do four days' fa-tigue."

Carried Unanimously.—The newspapers announce the fact that a man died as the result of taking a bath—the first he had taken in many years. Moved and seconded that such a chap is better dead, anyway.

Amended Version.—Since Austria fired on a Standard Oil steamer, Uncle Sam may now recite the immortal lines of Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie" in slightly amended form, as follows: "Shoot, if you must, this old grey head, But spare the Standard Oil!" he said.



# New Prices, August 1st, 1916

The following prices for Ford cars will be effective on and after August 1st, 1916

Chassis . . . .	\$450 <u>00</u>
Runabout . . . .	475 <u>00</u>
Touring Car . . . .	495 <u>00</u>
Coupelet . . . .	695 <u>00</u>
Town Car . . . .	780 <u>00</u>
Sedan . . . .	890 <u>00</u>

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These prices are positively guaranteed against any reduction before August 1st, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance in price at any time.

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